

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of Italy, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Commencement of the Wars of the French Revolution. By GEORGE PERCEVAL, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1178. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THERE are two things that please us in this work—the first is the modesty of the author, who says he is aware that the deep interest and value of the subject demanded an abler pen; and the second is the manner in which it is printed: the date and abstract on the margin, like an act of Parliament, reminding us of works of this description, as they were published half a century ago, and affording a ready clue to any period or subject.

It might seem extraordinary that we should have so long remained without any consecutive history of Italy, from its fall, were we not aware that it required no ordinary share of confidence in an author to become the continuator of Gibbon. It is, however, still more remarkable that no foreign author has executed this task, for even Sismondi's elegant but voluminous work only embraces a part of the subject, more amplified, and occupying a wider range than Mr. Hallam's Middle Ages, but equally incomplete as a history of Italy: neither of them give an account of that inglorious period of five centuries which succeeded the fall of the western empire, or the three centuries that have elapsed since the second fall of Italy.

To Mr. Perceval the public is indebted for supplying a void in our historical literature, and well has he executed his task. His work is a succinct, well-written, and comprehensive narrative of the prominent vicissitudes of Italy; and in no country have the vicissitudes been more striking. It has been observed that, in reading Gibbon's work, we are too apt to lose the facts of history in admiring the beauty of the style; while Hume, though an able historian, is too fond of dissertation. Mr. Perceval claims no merits but those of conciseness and accuracy, certainly very essential ones in an historian; but his style is easy and correct. He seems to have taken nothing on trust, but to have entered into a patient investigation, not only of events, but their causes and effects. The work is divided into chapters and sections, each embracing a distinct period. Thus, the first part of the first chapter contains the history of Rome from the fall of the western empire to the coronation of Otho the Great, a gloomy period, during which Italy became successively overrun by the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks. In tracing the history of the several periods, Mr. Perceval gives an interesting picture of the state of manners

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and society. When the Lombards ruled in Italy the feudal system prevailed; gentlemen and nobility were uneducated, and several of them could not write their own names: the invasion of the Franks under Charlemagne improved the condition of Italy in some degree. Of this prince Mr. Perceval gives the following portrait:—

‘He is, certainly, one of the most extraordinary and greatest characters in history. His private life was deformed by licentious amours; he was unsparing of blood, though not constitutionally cruel, and his successes in Germany were defiled by atrocious butcheries: yet his vices were relieved, though they were not palliated, by frugality and temperance; and his barbarous ferocity was strangely contrasted with elevated views of national and intellectual improvement. In a life of restless military activity he found leisure to reform the coinage and regulate the legal standard of money in his realms; he gathered about him the learned of all countries; founded schools and accumulated libraries; he encouraged commerce; and he meditated the union of the Roman and barbarian codes into one great system of jurisprudence. If he derived much of his renown from a contrast with the rude characters who preceded him, and the imbecility of his immediate successors; if it enhanced the brilliance and grandeur of his appearance that he stood alone, as it has been beautifully expressed, “like a beacon upon a waste, or a rock in the broad ocean;” his great qualities still blaze with unfading light, and his memory still towers in magnificence above all ordinary fame.

‘The successors of Charlemagne were unable to wield his mighty sceptre, and sank under the burden of his colossal power. It was fortunate for humanity that the mediocrity of their talents, and the repeated divisions of their enormous patrimony, prevented the confirmation of an universal monarchy; which, in its perpetuity, would have degraded Europe to an equality with China, and condemned it to a state between ignorance and civilization, without energy or power, without glory or virtue.’

We shall not accompany our author in tracing the history of Italy through its nights of barbarism or days of glory, but shall select here and there a few striking and characteristic passages. The assassination of Berenger, king of Italy, in 924, is an instance of the blackest ingratitude we ever read:—

‘He reigned for thirty-six years as king of Italy, and for the last nine of his life with the dignity of emperor. Active and courageous, humane and honourable, he was a prince of considerable talents and virtue, and his life

was at last sacrificed to the indulgence of a generous, but misplaced, confidence. The archbishop of Milan and several lords, all of whom he had loaded with benefits, entered into a plot against him, and engaged a noble Veronese, named Flambert, whose son the emperor had held at the baptismal font, to assassinate him. Berenger, having discovered the conspiracy, summoned Flambert into his presence, reminded him of the kindnesses which he had received at his hands, and of the vows of attachment which he had poured forth in return; pointed out the little fruit which he could hope to gather from his meditated guilt; and, presenting him with a golden cup, added, “Let this goblet be the pledge of my oblivion of your crime and of your repentance. Take it, and do not forget that your emperor is also the sponsor of your child.” The same night, instead of shutting himself up in the security of his fortified palace, Berenger, to show that he had discarded all suspicion, slept unattended in a summer-house in his gardens. But in the morning, as he was going to mass, Flambert, accompanied by an armed retinue, met him, and, approaching as if to embrace him, basely stabbed him with his poniard. History has failed to explain the motives of this revolting act of ingratitude and treachery, and has only related the retributive vengeance which instantaneously overtook it. Milo, count of Verona, rushed to the aid of the emperor, and, though too late to defend him, sacrificed the traitor and his associates on the spot.

It is well observed by Mr. Perceval that the current of the Italian annals, instead of flowing in one great and uninterrupted channel, breaks out into a multitude of smaller streams, which it is difficult to follow; in order to do this the better, Mr. Perceval treats the political and religious history separately. The rise and progress of the papal power is ably traced in these volumes, although the author says he has no inclination to follow his authorities through the scandalous vices which characterized the popes of the ninth and tenth centuries, when for many years the supreme pontiffs were bestowed on the church by two women of wanton and vicious character, Theodora and her daughter Marozia. The first chapter of Mr. Perceval's work closes with an account of the capture of the Venetian brides by the pirates of Istria:—

‘According to an ancient custom, the nuptials of the nobles and principal citizens of Venice were always celebrated on the same day of the year and in the same church. The eve of the Purification was consecrated to this public festival, and the state annually increased the general joy of the occasion by

endowing twelve maidens with marriage portions. In the morning gondolas elegantly ornamented assembled from all quarters of the city at the episcopal church of Olivolo. The affianced pairs disembarked amidst the sound of music; their relations and friends, in their most splendid habiliments, swelled their retinue; the rich presents made to the brides, their jewels and ornaments, were proudly borne for display; and the body of the people, unarmed, and thoughtless of danger, followed the glad procession. The Istrian pirates, acquainted with the existence of this annual festival, had the boldness to prepare an ambush for the nuptial train in the city itself. They secretly arrived over night at an uninhabited islet, near the church of Olivolo, and lay hidden behind it with their barks until the procession had entered the church, when, darting from their concealment, they rushed into the sacred edifice through all its doors, tore the shrieking brides from the arms of their defenceless lovers, possessed themselves of the jewels which had been displayed in the festal pomp, and immediately put to sea with their fair captives and their booty. But a deadly revenge overtook them. The doge, Pietro Candiano III. had been present at the ceremony; he shared in the fury and indignation of the affianced youths, they flew to arms, and, throwing themselves under his conduct into their vessels, came up with the spoilers in the lagoons of Caorlo. A frightful massacre ensued; not a life among the pirates was spared; and the victors returned in triumph with their brides to the church of Olivolo. A procession of the maidens of Venice revived for many centuries the recollection of this deliverance on the eve of the Purification. But the doge was not satisfied with the punishment which he had inflicted on the Istriots. He entered vigorously upon the resolution of clearing the Adriatic of all the pirates who infested it; he conquered part of Dalmatia; and he transmitted to his successors, with the ducal crown, the duty of consummating his design.

The tameness with which the Italians now brook slavery forms a singular and degrading contrast to the fierce spirit of their ancestors, when an individual insult to a plebeian by a nobleman roused the people to a commotion, which ended with the demolition of the houses of the nobles, and their expulsion from the city. In an account of the military system of the Lombards, Mr. Perceval minutely describes the carroccio, or standard car of the state, first used by Eribert, archbishop of Milan, in the war of 1035:—

‘It was a car upon four wheels, painted red, and so heavy that it was drawn by four pairs of oxen, with splendid trappings of scarlet. In the centre, raised upon a mast, which was crowned by a golden orb, floated the banner of the republic, and, beneath it, the Saviour, extended on the cross, appeared to pour benediction on the surrounding host. Two platforms occupied the car in front and behind the mast, the first filled with a few of the most valiant soldiers of the army, the chosen guard of the standard, the latter with a band of martial music. Feelings of religion

and of military glory were strangely associated with the carroccio. It was an imitation of the Jewish ark of the covenant, and it was from its platform that a chaplain administered the holy offices of Christianity to the army. It thus became sacred in the eyes of the citizens, and to suffer it to fall into the hands of an enemy entailed intolerable disgrace. The thickest of the battle ever encircled the carroccio: it guided the advance, the duty of its defence gave order and a rallying-point in retreat, and it was in every situation calculated to remedy the absence of discipline and the unskilfulness of military movement which belonged to that age. It afforded a common centre, a principle of weight and depth and solidity, to the untrained infantry of the citizens, and enabled them to resist without difficulty the impetuous charges of the feudal chivalry.’

The papal clergy, in all ages, have been ambitious of power, and some of them have possessed great influence; such was the case with a Dominican friar in the thirteenth century:—

‘While the papal intrigues were cherishing the seeds of war, a singular spectacle of an opposite nature was exhibited in northern Italy. Some members of the newly-established order of Dominican friars employed all the powers of eloquence over a half-civilized age in exhortations of universal peace; and the preaching of one of these brethren had an astonishing but transient influence upon the ardent temperament of the Italian people. At Bologna, Padua, Verona, and the surrounding cities, Giovanni di Vicenza began, three years after the pacification of 1230, to denounce the iniquity of war and to inculcate the general forgiveness of injuries. He was heard with veneration and humility. At his voice the feuds of generations were hushed, vows of reconciliation were poured forth by the bitterest enemies, and he was entreated by contending cities and factions to reform their governments and compose their differences. So absolute became his influence, that a general assembly was convened on the plain of Paquara, upon the banks of the Adige, for the establishment of perpetual peace; and the Guelf and Ghibelin cities and castles of Lombardy were emptied of their population at the summons of the preacher. By this immense concourse an universal amnesty and oblivion of mutual wrongs were declared at his suggestion, and Giovanni became the arbitrary master of political consciences. But he had not virtue and disinterestedness to support the office which he had assumed—if indeed it had ever been possible to support it. He aspired at becoming the temporal as well as the spiritual director of his flock: he grossly abused his authority, and the people of Vicenza, awaking from the dreams of enthusiasm, shook off his strange yoke, and consigned the pseudo-apostle of peace to a captivity from whence he escaped only with the entire loss of his ephemeral reputation.’

The feuds of the Guelfs and the Ghibelins were long the bane of Italy, and in the thirteenth century an event occurred which deluged the city of Romagna with blood:—

‘The noble families of the Gieremei and Lambertazzi of Bologna, the chiefs of the Guelf and Ghibelin factions of their city, had long been opposed in deadly animosity, when Bonifazio Gieremei and Imilda, the daughter of Orlando de Lambertazzi, forgot the enmity of their houses in the indulgence of a mutual and ardent passion. In one of their secret interviews in the palace of the Lambertazzi, the lovers were betrayed to the brothers of Imilda; she fled at their approach, but they rushed upon Bonifazio, immediately despatched him with their poisoned daggers, and dragged his body to a deserted court. The unhappy girl, returning to the chamber, discovered his cruel fate by the stains of blood, and traced the corpse to the spot where it had been thrown. It was yet warm, and with mingled agony and hope she endeavoured to suck the venom from its wounds. But she only imbibed the poison into her own veins; and the ill-fated pair were found stretched lifeless together. This sad catastrophe inflamed the hatred of the two houses to desperation; their respective factions in the city espoused their quarrel; they flew to arms; and for forty days the streets and palaces of Bologna were the scenes of a general and furious contest, which terminated in favour of the Guelfs. The Lambertazzi and all their Ghibelin associates were driven from the city; their houses were razed, and twelve thousand citizens were involved in a common sentence of banishment. But the exiles, retiring to the smaller towns of Romagna, were still formidable by their numbers; and, offering a rallying-point to almost all the Ghibelins of Italy, were joined by so great a force, that, concentrating under Count Guido di Montefeltro, they twice defeated the Guelfs, and filled Bologna with consternation.’

In Florence the nobles displayed a very lawless spirit in the thirteenth century:—

‘The insolence and tyranny of the nobility at length excited the violent indignation of an individual of their own order, who had associated himself in one of the commercial companies. During his short period of office as a prior, Giano della Bella seized the moment when the people were assembled in parliament to suggest and carry some remarkable enactments for reducing the nobles to obedience to the laws. The most effectual and praiseworthy of these was the creation of a gonfalonier of justice with a permanent guard of one thousand citizens, which was shortly increased to four times that number. The duty of this officer—the sword of the civil power—was to execute the commands of the magistracy and the sentences of the law. His guard was selected from the different divisions of the city, and distributed into companies, the commanders of which, termed also gonfaloniers, were resolved upon particular occasions into a college or corporate body, which shared in the public deliberations. When the gonfalonier of justice hung out his gonfalon or banner from the windows of the public palace, the commanders of companies immediately repaired to him with their followers; and he marched at the head of this national militia against the power-

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ful or refractory offender. The gonfalonier of justice was at first subordinate to the signiory of priors; but the importance of his functions shortly occasioned his elevation to an equality with that body, and terminated in placing him at their head. Like them he was elected every two months, and resided in the public palace; with them he completed the signiory; and he was in effect the first magistrate of the state.*

Wars between the rival republics and internal revolutions succeed each other with such rapidity in Italian history, that the country appears one scene of broil and warfare:—

One circumstance in the war between Pisa and Florence may possess some attraction for the British reader. Among the foreign condottieri who served in these campaigns, by far the most celebrated captain was an Englishman; and the palm of martial excellence is conceded by contemporary writers to the bands of our nation who followed his standard. After the peace of Bretigni, which our Edward III. and John of France concluded in 1358, their disbanded soldiery had formed themselves into companies of adventure, several of which, after horribly ravaging the exhausted provinces of northern France, carried their devastations into Provence; and from thence one of them, the White, or English company passed † into the service of the Marquis of Montferrat, who was still at war with the Visconti. But, with the characteristic inconstancy of such adventurers, the company shortly delivered the marquis from their onerous maintenance, by entering the Pisan pay on the expiration of their engagement with him. They had been trained in the wars of Edward III. and the Italian historians speak with admiration both of their valour and of their ability in surprises and stratagems,—the partisan warfare of the times. Their cavalry introduced two new military practices into Italy: the custom of reckoning their numbers by *lances*, and of dismounting to combat on foot. Each lance, as it was termed, was, at least at this time, composed of three ‡ cavaliers, who were

bound to each other in a species of association; and, as the White Company mustered a thousand lances, besides two thousand infantry, their whole force was five thousand men. Their cavaliers made little other use of their horses than to bear them in their heavy armour to the field of battle, where they usually dismounted and formed an impenetrable and resistless phalanx; and in this close order, with their ponderous lances lowered at the charge and each held by two men, they slowly advanced with loud cheers towards their enemy. Their defensive arms were of the mixed character of plate and mail, which was still retained in England and France, after the full casing of steel had been adopted in Italy. Over their mail-coats of interlaced chain they wore cuirasses of iron; their brasses, their cuisses, and boots, were of the same material; and their array shone with dazzling splendour, for each cavalier was attended by a page, whose constant occupation was to burnish his armour.

These hardy English bands, habituated to their own bracing climate, braved with indifference the utmost rigour of an Italian winter; the severity of no season was a protection against their enterprises; and the light scaling ladders, which they carried in detached pieces, facilitated the war of surprises wherein they excelled. The talents of their leader added to the reputation which these qualities of soldiery obtained for them. This eminent captain, who is called by the Italians, *Acuto*, or *Anguto*, was Sir John Hawkwood, an adventurer of mean extraction, for he is said to have been originally a tailor, who had been knighted by Edward III. for his distinguished services in the French wars. The Pisans entrusted him with the supreme command of their forces in the contest with Florence; and from this period we shall find him passing the long remainder of his life in the incessant troubles of Italy, and deservedly regarded as the most accomplished commander of his times.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Selections from the Various Authors who have written concerning Brazil; more particularly respecting the Captaincy of Minas Geraes and the Gold Mines of that Province. By BARCLAY MOUNTENEY, author of 'The Historical Inquiry relative to the late Emperor Napoleon.' 8vo. pp. 182. London, 1825. E. Wilson

ALTHOUGH Mr. Mounteney can write well and ably on more subjects than one, yet in the work before us he avows himself what old Wotton would call 'a gatherer and dis-

casques, this became the general term for cavalry composed, like them, of lances of two horses.

This custom of computing cavalry by lances was of feudal origin, when the knight himself, the lancer, was attended by several mounted retainers, more lightly armed, who composed with him the full equipment of his lance. But it does not appear that, in the White Company and other mercenary bands, the men of the same lance were anything more than comrades and equals who chose to serve inseparably together.

poser of other men's stuff.' He might, however, claim the merit of collecting from various sources a mass of information on a subject of great interest at the present time, and of arranging it in a systematic manner. Mr. Mounteney commences with a brief history of Brazil, from its discovery by Pinzon, in 1499, to the establishment of a constitutional and imperial government, under the Emperor Don Pedro the First. The author then treats of the navigation, general geography, natural history, geology, mineralogy, &c. of Brazil; the work also contains medical hints and suggestions to travellers, and a variety of useful information to persons visiting this part of the new world; but it is to the mining districts and the mines that Mr. Mounteney principally directs his attention, and, in this mining and undermining age, as Mathews calls it, his account of the subject will be read with interest.

Unconnected as we are with the Anglo, or United Mexican, Anglo-Chilian, or Chilian and Peruvian, Pasco Peruvian, or Peruvian or other mining companies, by whatever names they may be called, and being less anxious for the precious metals than some persons, we feel no particular inclination to discover what country is the richest in ore, or which mine is likely to be the most productive to the possessors. On this point no doubt much difference of opinion prevails, and perhaps the question is only to be accurately determined by experience. Mr. Mounteney contends, and we believe with much truth, that Brazil is particularly rich in mines; and indeed this is pretty clear from the circumstance that, injudiciously as the art of mining is conducted, Brazil has produced, and continues to produce, the greater part of the gold which circulates at this time in Europe. The following is the account of the mines in the district of Minas Geraes, and the method of working them:—

'The first gold which is certainly known to have been produced in Minas Geraes, was a sample of three *oitavas*, presented in 1695 to the Captain Mor, of *Espirito Santo*, by Antonio Rodriguez Arzain, a native of the town of *Taboate*, since which period it has been discovered in all the districts of which the captaincy is composed.

'The news of gold having been found in Minas Geraes soon attracted there a great number of Paulistas and Europeans. It was, however, in 1703, that the principal influence of adventurers to the mines took place: meanwhile, discoveries of gold continued to be made. In 1714, one piece of native gold was found, which was worth 700 milreis (nearly £200.) Three others of nearly the same size, and one of the value of 3000 crusados (£300.) were also about this period dug from the earth, although the latter had the disadvantage of lying deep.

'At the commencement of the mining system in the Brazils, the common method of proceeding was to open a square pit, which the workmen called *cata*, till they came to the *cascalho*: this they broke up with pick-axes, and, placing it in a *batea*, a wooden vessel, broad at the top and narrow at the bottom, exposed it to the action of running

* 'Mr. Roscoe has fallen into a strange inaccuracy in speaking as if the gonfalonier of justice was at a later period subordinate to the college of priors (Life of Lorenzo de Medici, vol. ii. p. 51.); and Mr. Hallam, on the other hand, omitting to notice the steps of this useful magistrate's ascent to the presidency of the signiory, would leave the reader to suppose that the original constitution of his office placed him in that station.'

† 'Our countrymen themselves, no desirable acquisition for Italy, introduced with them a still more appalling evil. They hoped, by shifting their quarters across the Alps, to avoid the frightful pestilence which was then extending its ravages from the north into the south of France: but, instead of escaping this scourge, they carried it with them into the Lombard plains, whence it was communicated to the rest of Italy.'

‡ 'In some, however, of the bands of German mercenaries serving in Italy at this period, every cavalier was attended by a man-at-arms, mounted and equipped like himself. As these German bands were called *barbuti*, from the flowing horse-hair which ornamented their

water, shaking it from side to side till the earth was washed away, and the metallic particles had all subsided. Lumps of native gold were often found from twenty to one hundred *oitavas* in weight; a few which weighed from two to three hundred, and one, it is asserted, of thirteen pounds; but these were insulated pieces, and the ground where they were discovered was not rich. All the first workings were in the beds of rivers, or in the *taboleiros*, the table-ground on their sides.

'In 1724, the method of mining had undergone a considerable alteration, introduced by some natives of the northern country; instead of opening *catas*, or searching-places, by hand, and carrying the *cascalho* thence to the water, the miners conducted water to the mining ground, and, washing away the mould, broke up the *cascalho* in pits under a fall of the water, or exposed it to the same action in wooden troughs; and thus a great expense of human labour was spared.

'At the commencement of the present century, there was a general complaint in Minas Geraes, that the ground was exhausted of its gold; yet it was the opinion of all scientific men, and still continues to be so, that hitherto only the surface of the earth had been scratched, and that the veins are for the most part untouched. The mining was either in the beds of the streams or in the mountains; in process of time the rivers had changed their beds; the miners discovered that the primary beds were above the present level, and these they called *guapiaras*; the next step is the *taboleiro*, which seems to be close by the side of the *veio*, or present body of the stream. All these are mining-grounds: the first is easily worked, because little or no waters remain there; the surface had only to be removed, and then the *cascalho* was found. In the second step, wheels were often required to draw off the water; the present bed could only be worked by making a new cut, which is called *valo*, and diverting the stream, and, even when this is done, the wheel is still wanting. The wheel was a clumsy machine, which it was frequently necessary to remove, and fifty slaves or more were employed a whole day in removing it. This was the only means in use for saving human labour, for not even a cart or handbarrow was to be seen; the rubbish and the *cascalho* were all carried in troughs upon the heads of slaves, who in many instances had to climb up steep ascents, where inclined planes might have been formed with very little trouble, and employed with great advantage.

'River mining, however, was the easiest and most effectually performed; it was, therefore, the commonest. But the greater part of those streams which were known to be auriferous had been wrought. The mountains were more tempting, but required much greater labour; a few *braças*, if the veins were good, enriched the adventurers for ever, and, in the early days of the mines, the high grounds attracted men who were more enterprising and persevering than their descendants. The mode of working in such ground is not by excavation, but by what is called

tulho alberto, the open cut,—laying the vein bare by clearing away the surface. This labour is immense, if water cannot be brought to act upon the spot; and, when even there is water, it is not always easy to direct it, nor will the nature of the cut allow always of its use. When the miners found no *cascalho* in the mountains, they suspected that the stones might contain gold, and they were not deceived in the supposition. This is the most difficult mode of extraction: the stones were broken by manual labour, with iron mallets; in a few instances only, one machine was worked by slaves, instead of cattle.

'The modes of mining having been so imperfect, it has not unreasonably been concluded, that now, when more scientific means are about being adopted, Brazil is likely to yield a greater quantity of gold than at any former time.'

We have no room for an account of the other mines in Brazil, but, as we presume every person who can speculate a thousand pounds in mining shares can give a few shillings for a good work on the subject, we shall refer them to the volume before us. Two brief extracts we shall make; the first shows the progress of improvement in the Brazils:—

'The post-office at Rio Janeiro has extended its connections to every part of Brazil. In the capital, booksellers have established themselves, and gazettes are published both here and at Bahia. These changes, though many of them more immediately affect the metropolis, have, and will continue to have, a considerable influence over the whole country: other improvements, belonging more immediately to the interior, have added to the general prosperity. Forts have been built on the frontiers, and detachments stationed wherever it was thought they would be beneficial. Telegraphs have been erected along the coast. Men eminent for their knowledge have been ordered to the provinces as governors, and a strict charge has been given them to proceed upon the principles adopted in the capital, for the benefit of the state. Finally, a company has been formed, under royal patronage, for improvement in the art of mining, and another for effecting maritime assurances.'

As the Brazilians often play tricks upon travellers relative to ore, and file up the brass pans and kettles we send them, which they pass off as gold-dust, we shall quote Mr. Mounteney's test for detecting gold-dust that has been adulterated:—

'Place a little gold-dust in a glass tube or earthenware saucer, and pour nitric acid upon it; then hold the glass or saucer over a flame, or upon a few embers, until red flames (nitric vapours) arise: if it be pure gold, the liquid will not become discoloured, but if pyrites or brass filings should have been mixed with it, the acid will become turbid, green, and black, discharging bubbles of air. After the ebullition has ceased, the residue should be washed with water, and acid again poured upon it, when the same effect may be observed, but in a less degree; and if the experiment be repeated till all effervescence

ceases, it will, finally, leave the gold-dust pure.'

We must repeat this work contains a great deal of useful information relating to Brazil, which was hitherto scattered over numerous heavy and expensive works.

Tales, by the O'Hara Family: containing Crohoore of the Bill-Hook, the Fetches, and John Doe. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1163. London, 1825. Simpkin and Marshall.

THESE tales are three in number, and are entitled *Crohoore of the Bill-Hook, the Fetches, and John Doe*. They combine an admirable picture of the manners and superstitions of the Irish, and the state of society, with well-told and interesting narratives; and, although they are avowedly tales of fiction, many of the incidents have been realized, and there is no instance of either crime or virtue related that has not a counterpart in Irish history. Many of the characters, which are admirably drawn, have all the fidelity of portraits, and are to be found in real life, while others lay claim to great originality, and are painted with a vigorous hand. The author is a man of decided talent, who is intimately acquainted with Ireland and the Irish character. The first tale we shall notice is *Crohoore of the Bill-Hook*.

The scene of this tale is laid in Kilkenny, at the commencement of whiteboyism, and the author gives a melancholy picture of the state of society at that time, when the persecutions of the Roman Catholics had made them consider the Protestants as their natural enemies. The tale commences with an Irish wake, which is well described, and at which an old man relates how Anthony Dooling and his wife Cath (whose wake they were keeping) had been murdered, and their only daughter, Alley, carried away the same night. Anthony, or Tony, Dooling was a substantial farmer, kind-hearted and hospitable, but of a violent temper; the servants of his house sat with the family, and, one Christmas eve, Pierce Shea, who courted Alley, called as usual, and a dance was struck up, while Tony indulged in a can of ale:—

'There was but one individual present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man, in the prime of life, as to years, but with little else of the charm of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling fiery-red hair stared around a head of unusual size; his knobby forehead projected much, and terminated in strongly-marked sinuses, with brows of bushy thickness, the colour of his hair; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheek-bones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that the eyes glared as from a recess; then his cheeks were pale, hollow, and retiring; his nose, of the old Milesian mould, long, broad-backed, and hooked; his jaws came unusually forward, which caused his teeth to start out from his face; and his lips, that, without much effort, never closed on those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy, and bloodless, the upper one wearing, in common with his chin, a

red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and as yet unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the expression of a bold and decided character; and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of the curious observer. Had they, together with the enormous head, been placed on the shoulders of a man of large size, they would not, perhaps, have created much extraordinary remark; but attached, in the present instance, to a trunk considerably under the height of even men of low stature, their unnatural disproportion probably heightened their unfavourable expression, and, joined to another cause we shall have occasion to notice, created, among his rustic compeers, a feeling of dislike and dread for their possessor; repelling all freedom, which, by the way, he did not seem anxious to encourage.

Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added, that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long, and of Herculean sinew; but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigour and elasticity, rather than clumsiness, and it was known that, strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle, with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of more perfect shape and more promising appearance.

This was Crohoore, the hero of the tale, who was sharpening a rusty bill-hook on a whetstone, the grating of which offended Tony Dooling. He bade him leave off, and was answered by sullen looks. Tony, who was rather intoxicated, called Crahoore many scurvy names, ordered him off to bed, and struck him, when he fell down and cut his head; he turned round his ghastly face on his master, and, banging the door after him, left the room. Pierce had promised to call early and conduct Alley to church next morning; but, on entering the house, found Tony and Cauth Dooling, with their servants, dead, and weltering in blood, Alley gone, the bill-hook stained with human gore, and Crohoore missing. The murder of the Doolings and their female servant, together with the abduction of the daughter, were at once fixed on Crohoore, particularly as the best horse in the stall was missing. The neighbours, who had always regarded Crohoore as something more than human, and under the protection of fairies, now recollected how their cattle had died, when they quarrelled with him, and numberless proofs that he was—

‘Not like the inhabitants o’ the earth, And yet was on’t.’

True it was that Crohoore had forcibly carried off Alley Dooling, and lodged her safely in a retreat not easily discoverable. Pierce Shea, eager to recover the girl to whom he was betrothed, as well as to avenge the murder of her parents, labours incessantly to discover the man who had carried her off, in the course of which some singular incidents oc-

cur. On one occasion, he comes nearly up with him, plunges into a river after Crohoore, and owes his preservation from drowning to the very man he was in quest of. At another time, while in pursuit of Crohoore, accompanied by Rhia Doran, one of the secret leaders of the Whiteboys, who had been rejected by Alley (whom he had once carried off, until rescued by Pierce Shea), and professed a false friendship for his rival, a man attempted to shoot Pierce, but his gun snapped fire, and at this moment the assassin received a shot in the arm.

In one of his adventures, Pierce Shea thought he had found Crohoore; but it was the wrong man, and he earnestly asked pardon:—

“‘*Dieu-a-uth**,” said the astonished stranger.

“‘*Dieu-as-mayu-uth*†,” answered Pierce: scarce able to articulate, overcome by exertion, and the nervousness that generally succeeds the sudden excitation of hope or fear when as suddenly disappointed.

“‘Savin’ manners,” continued the man, “will you let a body be askin’ you the name that’s on you?—May be you’d be Master Pierce Shea?”

“‘The very man,” said Pierce.

“‘Why, then, you’re only the very man I tuck you for, an’ the very one I was wishin’ to see, into the bargain.”

“‘Here you see me, then; and what after?”

“‘I hard iv your story, an’ could make a sort iv a guess to what you’re about, I’m thinkin’; may be you’re not huntin’ Crohoore-na-bil-hoge!”—

“‘Your guess is as true as the daylight.”

“‘Musha, then, as good loock ud have id, I have a sort of a notion that maybe I’d be the very boy could tell you where to find him.”

“‘Where, where?” exclaimed Pierce.

“‘An’ I’ll be bould to say, you’d be for offerin’ somethin’ that ‘ud be handsome, for the news.”

“‘I’d give the wide world!”

“‘That’s a good dale, if it was your’s to give.”

“‘Or all I have in the world!”

“‘An’ that’s a purty penny, too, by all accounts that I could hear. But, somehow, myself, ever an’ always, had a likin’ an’ love for *araguthchise*‡; an’ if there was sich a thing as a *guinea-orrh*§, or a thing that a-way, an’ if we war to see the face iv id, who knows.”

Pierce ran his hand into his pocket, and drew out a brace of guineas; bank-notes were then a scarcity.

“‘Here, then,” he said, “and now your information, quick; oh, quick, quick, and Heaven bless you!”

“‘They’re the right sort, to a sartainty,” observed the man, stooping down, jingling the guineas separately on a flat-stone near him, and then folding them up in a dirty piece of paper, thrusting them into the very

bottom of his breeches-pocket; and, with great sobriety of face, buttoning them up. At last he thought of going on.

“‘Why, then, I’ll tell you every word about id. You must know, Master Pierce, myself is none o’ you common country spalpeens (not for to say so by way of disparagement o’ the country where I was bred an’ born); but I knows more nor a dozen o’ them cratures, that does nothin’ only dig an’ plough from year’s end to year’s end; I have a sort of a call to the law, d’ye see me, an’ I goes to the neighbours wid a bit o’ paper, or maybe a bit o’ calf-skin, just as the thing happens to be;” winking cunningly.

“‘We may venture to mention here, begging pardon for the digression, that in all probability it was a happy circumstance for the process-server, that Andy Houloan heard not this intelligence, as, from his cradle, he mortally hated all “bums*,” and might have felt little repugnance in knocking a chip from his skull, just out of general antipathy to the race.

“‘What have I to do with this?” asked Pierce.

“‘Why, I’m only lettin’ you into id fur to larn you that I’m not the gourloch to be frightened wid your sheeog stories, or the likes, an’ fur that raison, to the ould duoul myself bobs ‘em. Well, à-roon. I over-hard them sayin’ id, that had a good right to know all about id, as how there was a lob o’ money fur the man that ‘ud lay hould o’ this Crohoore; an’ so I went here, an’ axin’ there, an’ maybe I didn’t make out the ups an’ downs o’ the thing; hopin’ I’d cum across him in some o’ my thravels; an’ sure enough I have him cotched this loocky an’ blessed morning.”

“‘But where is he, man?” impatiently interrupted Pierce; “what do you keep me here for?”

“‘Och, a-bouchal, there’s two words to a bargain: if you war the *omadhuun* to give your money beforehand, that’s no raison in life myself ‘ud be over soon wid my speech.”

“‘Rascal! do you mean to trifle with me?” rejoined Pierce, clutching his pistol.

“‘Be pacable, now, a-vich,” said the limb of the law, drawing a brace of them from his bosom; “you see, if you’re for that work, I’m not the fool to venture out where rib-breakin’ done wid a sledge is often our best treatment; an’ so, here’s two good shots for your one; but where’s the use o’ that when we can settle the matther in a more lawful manner. Just listen to me. I was goin’ to sthrike a bit of a bargain wid you: you must as good as take your buke oath—an’ its puttin’ unheard of thrust in you, when I haven’t the buke to hand—but I hear you come of as honest a stock as myself—well, you must swear that every skilling o’ the reward, fur the cribbin’ o’ this bouchal, ‘ill come into my pocket, an’ no other body as mooch as sneeze at it.”

“‘I swear by my father’s soul, you must get every farthing of it.”

“‘See, now; sure that’s more asy nor to waste our powther for nothin’; an’ tell me; d’uv you see no sort of a place you’d be for

* ‘God save you.’

† ‘God and mother save you.’

‡ ‘Money down.’ § ‘Golden guinea.’

* ‘Bailiffs.’

hiding yourself in, supposin' a body was pur-
shuin' you?"

"Do you mean the cave?"

"Just across the field was the terrific-looking entrance to the cave of Dunmore.

"That's the very spot, a-vich; keep your tongue to yourself; keep your toe in your brogue; tell no livin' sowl what we're about; I'm just going a start o' the road, to shuv this to a neighbour," showing a latitat, "an I'll be wid you again while you can shake yourself; stop in the mouth o' the cave, an' watch till I come; an' I'm the devil's rounge or we'll ketch a hould o' the bouchal, plaise God."

This fellow intimates that Crohoore is se-
creted in the cave of Dunmore, of which we
have the following animated description:—

"The cave of Dunmore is regarded as the
great natural wonder of this district; so
much so, that travellers come out of their
road to see and explore it. At the time
of our narration, it was believed by the sur-
rounding peasantry to be the residence of
every description of supernatural beings;
nay, to this day, there are shrewd notions on
the point; but, at a remoter one, the con-
viction reigned in its glory. Here, on great
occasions, did the good people hold their
revels; and it was also the chosen abode of
the Leprechauns, or fairy mechanics, who,
from all quarters of the island, assembled in
it (the cavern being suspected to ramify,
under ground, to every point of the king-
dom), for the purpose of manufacturing foot-
gear for the little race to which they were
appended. This could not be doubted, as
many had heard the din of their hammers,
and caught odd glimpses of their green sher-
keens, or of their caps with red feathers in
them, what time the stars grew white before
the sun. It was the dwelling, too, of more
horrid sprites, of whose nature there existed
no clear notion, but who, in the very dis-
tant abodes of the cavern, roamed along the
offbrink of a little subterranean rivulet, the
boundary of their dark abode, and who took
vast delight in exterminating any unfortunate
being fool-hardy enough to cross the forbid-
den stream, and so encroach on their charm-
ed domain; and this was also fully shown
by the splintered human bones that (really,
however) strewed the bed of the rill. Wild
shrieks were often heard to pierce the dark-
ness through the gaping mouth of the ca-
vern; but oftener the merry fairy-laugh, and
the small fairy music, tingled to the night-
breeze.

"The absolute physiognomy of the place
was calculated to excite superstitious notions.
In the midst of a level field, a precipitate in-
clined plane led down to a sudden pit,
across which, like a vast blind arch, the en-
trance yawned, about eighty feet perpendi-
cular, and from thirty to forty wide; over-
hung and festooned with ivy, lichen, bramb-
le, and a variety of wild shrubs, and ten-
anted by the owl, the daw, and the carrion
crow, that made rustling and screaming
exit into the daylight as soon as disturbed by
an exploring foot; and when, all at once,
you stood on the verge of the descent, and
looked from the cheery day into the pitch

darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling
and chilling the curiosity that it excited,—
giving a promise of something to be dis-
covered, and a threat to the discoverer,—
suggesting a region to be traversed so differ-
ent from our own fair familiar world, and yet
nameless danger to be incurred in the pro-
gress,—your heart must have been either
very callous or very bold, and imagina-
tion entirely a blank, if, at this first glance,
you felt no unusual stir within you.

"After entering the mouth of the cavern,
the light of your torches showed you that vast
masses of rock protruded overhead, ready, at
every step, to crush, and held in their place as if
by miracle alone. A short distance on, two
separate passages branched to the right and
to the left. To explore the one, a barrier of
steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp
slime that covered them, should be scaled;
then you proceed along a way of consider-
able length, sometimes obliged, from the
lowness of the heading, to stoop on hands
and knees, still over slippery rocks, and over
deep holes, formed by the constant dripping
of the roof; till at last you suddenly entered
a spacious and lofty apartment, known by
the name of the market-cross, from its con-
taining a petrified mass, that has some like-
ness to the ancient and curious structure so
called. Indeed, throughout the whole cham-
ber, the awful frolic of nature bears compa-
rison with art:—ranges of fluted columns,
that seem the production of the chisel, only
much dilapidated by time, rise almost at
correct distances to the arching roof; by the
way, having necessarily been formed by pe-
trification, drop upon drop, it is astounding
to think of the incalculable number of years
consumed in the process. And this is the
regal fairy-hall; and the peasants say, that
when the myriad crystallizations that hang
about, are, on a gala evening, illuminated,
and when the for-ever falling drops sparkle
in the fairy light, the scene becomes too daz-
zling for mortal vision.

"The other passage winds an equal dis-
tance, and leads to the subterranean rill that
bubbles, as before mentioned, over scraps of
human bones; and over some entire ones,
too, we having, when led to the cavern for
scenic illustration of the facts of this history,
adventurously plunged our hand into the clear
water, and taken therefrom a tibia of unusual
length; and, indeed, the fact that such hu-
man relics are there to be seen, almost a
quarter of a mile from the light of the earth,
must, if we reject the peasant's fine supersti-
tion, show us the misery of some former time
of civil conflict, that could compel any
wretched fugitive to seek, in the recesses and
horrors of such a place, just as much pause
as might serve him to starve, die, and rot."

We have already alluded to the forcible
picture it gives of the miseries of some of the
Irish, from the oppressions of the proctors,
and other causes. Pierce is introduced by
Doran to an assemblage of Whiteboys; it is
an admirable scene; we have, however, only
room for the harangue of one poor wretch,
Terence Delany, who was stripped of his all,
when his wife was on her death-bed. A pre-
vious orator, a schoolmaster, had spoken of

the good they might do, when the poor crea-
ture, driven to desperation by his wrongs,
thus addressed the meeting:—

"Who talks of the good we can do?—
we look not to do good; we are not able nor
fit to do good; we only want our revenge!—
And that, while we are men, and have
strong hands, and broken hearts, and brains
on fire with the memory of our sufferings—
that we can take. Your father, young man,
never writhed in the proctor's gripe; he has
riches, and they bring peace and plenty, so
that the robber's visit was not felt or heeded;
but look at me!"—With the fingers of one
hand he pressed violently his sallow and wi-
thered cheek, and with the other tore open
the scanty vesture, that, leaving him unco-
vered from the shoulders to the ribs, exhib-
ited a gaunt skeleton of the human form—
"I have nothing to eat, no house to sleep
in; my starved body is without covering,
and those I loved, and that loved me, the
pulses of my heart, are gone; how gone?
and how am I as you see me?—Twelve
months ago I had a home, and covering, and
food, and the young wife, the mother of my
children, with me, at our fire-side; but the
plunderer came on a sudden: I was in his
debt; he has a public-house, and he saw
me sitting in another in the village; he took
my cow, and he took my horse; he took
them to himself; I saw them—and may all
ill-luck attend his ill-got riches!—I saw them
grazing on his own lands; I was mad; every
thing went wrong with me; my landlord
came, and swept the walls and the floor of
my cabin; my wife died in her labour;—
who was to stand up for me?—where had I
a friend, or a great one to help me?—No
one; no where; there is no friend, no help,
no mercy, no law for the poor Irishman; he
may be robbed—stripped—insulted—set
mad—but he has no earthly friend but him-
self!"

"The wretch sprung from his seat, seized
his vessel, and, with the look and manner of
a maniac, indeed, added—

"And here let every MAN here pledge
me! May his heart wither, and his children
and name perish!—May the grass grow on
his hearth-stone, and no kin follow his corpse
to the grave, who will refuse to wreak on the
hard-hearted proctors the revenge they pro-
voke by the sorrows they inflict!"

In a moment of frenzy, Pierce took the
Whiteboy's oath, and was appointed by Do-
ran lieutenant of the parish of Clarah; nay,
he even went so far as to promise to attend
them, on a future evening, in a nocturnal vi-
sit to Peery Clancy, the tithe-proctor, who
had so cruelly treated Terence Delany: the
proctor is visited, carried off, buried chin-
deep in the ground, and deprived of his ears.
Terence Delany is ordered to be the sentinel,
and release him in an hour. Terence would
have killed him, had not Pierce Shea feared
as much, and returned to save the tithe-pro-
ctor, who had the ingratitude to denounce
Pierce as a Whiteboy, and give him in cus-
tody. Pierce and Terence are rescued, in
their way to prison, by a party who are
seemingly conveying a corpse to church; the
sergeant of the party, however, acts trea-

cherously; a dreadful contest ensues, in which much blood is shed, but the peasants remain the victors. Terence Delany is, however, slain, and his last prayers are for his mother and children; he begs his mother may be told that he died with the traitor's blood on him, and this consoles her. After some other adventures, Pierce accidentally meets Alley, who refuses to accompany him home, and even appears to connive at his seizure. He is soon afterwards tried for whiteboyism at Kilkenny, and condemned to death; the day of execution arrives, and the wretched man is led to the scaffold; the executioner was ready for his office, and all was prepared, when a female, rushing like lightning through the crowd, clasped Pierce in her arms: this was Alley Dooling. While they were taking, as they thought, a last adieu, a reprieve arrived.

In the meantime, Crohoore is captured, and arraigned for the murder of his late master and mistress; the circumstantial evidence appears so complete, that, without leaving the box, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against him. The judge is proceeding to pass sentence, when Crohoore sees before him a person whom he recognises; he seizes him, and denounces him as one of the murderers of the Doolings; and the accusation is supported by the entrance of Mr. B., a magistrate, who has a warrant for his apprehension: this was Rhia Doran in disguise. We now reach the *claircissement*. Crohoore proves to have been the son of Tony and Cauth Dooling, who, when a child, had been stolen by Dory Shea, aunt to Pierce, and her own dead child substituted in its stead. It appears, that Rhia Doran and one Lyndop, a butcher, had committed the murder, and carried off Alley, who was rescued by Crohoore; that the latter had also been the means of saving Pierce Shea's life, by taking a letter to Mr. B., the magistrate who interfered in his behalf. Pierce and Crohoore are pardoned; the former is married to Alley, and the real criminals are handed over to justice.

Such is the tale of Crohoore, which, it will be seen, possesses intense interest, improbable as some of the incidents may seem. Some of the graver scenes are relieved by specimens of genuine Irish humour, as well as Irish brogue; the latter almost to a fault, as many of the phrases require notes to explain them, and notes in a novel sadly interrupt the story. The following dialogue among the men who committed the outrage on the tithe-proctor is a good specimen of satirical banter. They had just dragged him from under the bed from which he had just risen.

"Arragh, then, crawl back wid yourself, here, my oul bouchall," said one of the men, as he dragged him by the legs into the middle of the room.

"An' isn't it a burnin' shame," cried another, "to see a responsible, well-doin' body, like you, go fur to hide yourself like a chree-chraw-tha, afther we comin' so far to a journey to see you. Foch upon you! to sarve your own cousins in sich a way, in your own house."

"Mostha, because he does so shabby by

us, it's a long day 'till we cum see him agin," said a third.

"In throth, Peery, agra, it's little right you have to give us the *neen-sha-sthig*;* fur your mother's people, and that's oursefs, that are all come o' the Mulcahys, is an auld dacent stock."

"Don't be spakin to our cuseen afther that fashion; mysef is a'most sure, by the pleasant face that's on him, he's glad in the heart to have us undher his roof this blessed night."

The two other tales we must reserve for a future notice.

Memoirs and Recollections of Count Segur, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia, &c. &c. Written by HIMSELF. 8vo. pp. 442. London, 1825. Colburn.

WE have always been of opinion that any gentleman who has lived long in the world, and has been at all attentive to the events he saw passing around him, might write an interesting volume; but the man who has lived the last half century or more, and has not only witnessed but mixed in the various and striking scenes which the world has presented in that period, has an advantage which rarely belonged to any individual in former ages. Such a person is Count Segur, who has been engaged in intercourse of affairs and society with Catherine II. Frederick the Great, Joseph II. Washington, Kosciusko, Napoleon, &c. Chance, he says, has also made him 'successively a colonel, a general officer, a traveller, a navigator, a courtier, the son of a minister, an ambassador, a negotiator, a prisoner, an agriculturist, a soldier, an elector, a poet, a dramatic author, a contributor to newspapers, an essayist, an historian, a deputy, a counsellor of state, a senator, an academicien, and a peer of France.' Chance, the existence of which some persons deny, has, it will be seen, done a great deal for Count Segur; but we presume it made him the son of a minister before he was either colonel or a general officer. But no matter; the count, in these several situations, had certainly a good opportunity of seeing life, and, not being deficient in talents, as may be inferred from the *Caleb-Quotem*-like offices he filled, he is enabled to furnish an interesting volume of his Recollections.

Count Segur's father was a brave officer, whom Louis XVI. raised to the situation of minister of war in 1780; and, three years afterwards, the same monarch created him *maréchal de France*. He died in the year 1801. Chance, as we have seen, made our author the son of this gentleman, who was, says his son, 'powerful, and never committed a single act of injustice, the victim of oppression, and preserved the same attachment for his country; a good father, a kind husband, a skilful general, a brave soldier, a minister just and wise, and an excellent citizen.'

Count Segur was born in 1753, and lives, as we have seen, to write his memoirs in a very agreeable gossiping manner, though his pages are frequently intermingled with

* 'Not at home.'

just observations, and not an unfrequent touch of French bombast, gasconade, and sentiment. The count also gives some interesting notices of the individuals with whom he mixed, as well as the events which he witnessed. We shall not attempt a narrative of the life of M. Segur, who entered the army at an early age, and fought a duel with an officer who picked a quarrel with him for unintentionally throwing his hat off a seat in the theatre at Lisle. Soon after, we find another duel fixed between our author and Prince Nassau, in Paris, for some words which passed at the table of a friend, and which the prince had forgotten next morning, when M. Segur and Viscount Noailles called on him. The anecdote is curious as a picture of the manners of the time, and we give it in the words of our author:—

'Viscount Noailles called upon me the next morning, at half after six, to accompany me to Prince de Nassau.'

'When we arrived at his house, every one in it was asleep, master and servants; and it was not without difficulty that we succeeded in awaking the porter, obtaining admission, and reaching the chamber of the prince, who started from his sleep as we abruptly entered his apartment.'

'He had lost all recollection of what had occurred the preceding day; every trace of it had vanished with the fumes of the champagne he had drunk. "To what accident, gentlemen," said he, "am I to ascribe this very early visit?" "You must know," I replied, "since it was yourself who so desired it." "The devil take me," said he, "if I know a word about it."

'I was, therefore, compelled to remind him, in a few words, of his unbecoming behaviour. "You are perfectly right," he then said, "I behaved like a madman, the wine had disturbed my head; but you must think no more about it; and, as Viscount Noailles is here, I declare, in his presence, that I am your servant, and your friend, and that I had no intention to offer you the smallest offence."

'All that is very well," I replied in my turn, but it is mentioned too late; I should have been delighted to receive from you, yesterday, such an acknowledgment; but the twenty persons with whom we dined are not now present to hear it; it is, therefore, no longer sufficient.'

'It is most true," added he, "you are right again: let us fight; but pray let no animosity enter into the affair; let it be merely a sacrifice that we make to prejudice, and to a point of honour." I pressed his hand in a friendly manner, and he rose.'

'He proposed that we should breakfast; but, when I replied that I should prefer breakfasting after the affair should be decided, he appeared somewhat piqued, and said, "The answer is tolerably presumptuous, I think; we shall see which of us will be able to breakfast after the affair."

'As soon as he was dressed we went out, and I inquired where he proposed to go. "Oh," said he, "I have, not far from here, a very convenient spot for this kind of exercise," to which I replied, that it was easy to see he was accustomed to the business.'

'Stopping then, I observed to him, that I was accompanied by my second, whereas he had none, which was contrary to rule. "Good:" said he, "Noailles is our common friend, and a man of honour; I appoint him as my second, also: he is well worth two."

'We walked on till we came into a narrow lane, between two garden walls, when each of us, in a moment, took off his coat and waistcoat, and placed himself on the defensive. Our blades were scarcely crossed, when, casting his eyes upon a large knot of pink riband appended to the hilt of my sword, he cried, "That, I suppose, is a recent favour from some fair one; I am afraid it portends you success." "That we shall presently see," I replied; upon which we commenced a vigorous attack.

'The prince fought like no other man: he observed none of the rules of fencing, but, being remarkable for strength and agility, he, at one moment, darted forward upon his adversary with the rapidity of a deer, and, at the next, retired from him with the same celerity; so that it was equally difficult either to parry his rapid strokes, or to reach him in his sudden retreat.

'By this method, which surprised me not a little, he had been successful in almost every affair of the kind, in which his impetuosity had involved him; and, notwithstanding my vigilance and coolness, he several times pierced my shirt, though, fortunately, without touching me, whilst I was vainly stretching myself forward to reach him in my turn.

'After a few seconds, however, my sword scratched his hand, and the blood flowed, upon which I inquired if he was satisfied, and disposed to leave matters as they were. "Satisfied!" said he eagerly, "I was, a short time ago, but am far from being so now; let us go on."

'We then continued. His blade, too impetuously urged, missed its aim, and passed my body several times, when, at length, mine took effect on his arm, and broke, at the moment I was about parrying a thrust he made at me in return. "There!" said I, "now we must send for another sword."

'"You are both stark mad," cried Viscount Noailles; "for a hasty expression, not injuriously offensive, surely a couple of wounds and a broken sword may suffice. I vow that the first man of you that refuses to desist shall have to do with me."

'We laughed at this sally. "Upon my word," said Nassau, "he is right, and I feel it the more sensibly as my hand begins to refuse its office." "Well," said I, "shall we embrace, and consider the thing as settled?" "With all my heart," replied he, "on condition that we engage, upon honour, happen what may, never to fight each other again, but to remain brothers in arms for life." We then embraced, and the affair terminated.

Our author speaks in high terms of the Marquis de la Fayette, whom he was prevented from accompanying to America, to assist in the revolutionary war. During this war,—

'The Earl of Carlisle had published in America a proclamation, which contained

some expressions reflecting upon France. As the champion of French honour, La Fayette sent a challenge to the earl, and defied him to single combat. Lord Carlisle replied with much discretion, and refused the invitation, observing: "That the quarrels of nations would give birth to too much disorder, if they were allowed to excite individual animosities."

It was Count de Lauraguais who first exhibited in the eyes of the Parisians a horse-race, with English horses and English jockeys, in the plain Des Sablons. Count Segur was a great admirer of Voltaire, who was a visitor at his father's house, and often consoled his mother (a lady of distinguished talents) in her last illness. Count Segur gives an interesting account of the return of this extraordinary man to Paris:—

'The French academy, in the midst of which he appeared, rose in a body and advanced towards him as he entered, and, after a public homage, never accorded to any prince, this sovereign of letters presided over the literary senate of France, over the assemblage of all those varied departments of talent, in each of which his genius had exhibited masterpieces to the world.

'Returning to his residence, which appeared to have been transformed into a palace by his presence, he took his seat amidst a sort of council composed of philosophers, and all the boldest and most celebrated writers of the age; his courtiers were the most distinguished men of all classes, the most celebrated foreigners of every country.

'Guards alone appeared wanting to complete this kind of royalty, and, indeed, he almost stood in need of them to secure himself against the eagerness of the crowds, gathering on all sides to behold him, besieging his door, surrounding him as he went forth, and hardly allowing room for his horses to pass along.

'His coronation took place at the palace of the Tuileries in the hall of the Théâtre Français; and it is impossible to convey an idea of the extravagant joy with which the illustrious old man was received by a public that filled all the seats, the boxes, the galleries, and all the outlets of the place. At no time did the gratitude of a nation burst forth with more lively marks of rapture.

'Never shall I forget that scene; and I cannot conceive how Voltaire was enabled to summon sufficient strength to bear it. The moment he appeared, Brizard, the actor, placed upon his brows a laurel crown, which he instantly attempted to remove, but which the people with loud cries entreated him to wear. In the midst of the warmest acclamations, the titles of all his works were repeated on all sides.

'Long after the curtain had been drawn up, it was impossible for the representation to go on: each individual in the theatre was too much occupied in contemplating Voltaire, and in offering him the liveliest homage; in fact, each spectator was himself too much an actor to attend to the actors on the stage.

'Even when the general weariness permitted them to come forward, they were continually interrupted by the tumultuous

feelings of the spectators. "Never," observed M. Grimm with justice, in speaking of the representation of Irène, "never was there a piece worse played, more applauded, or that attracted less attention."

'It was no sooner over, than Voltaire's bust was placed in the front of the scene; the different actors in the tragedy gathered round it, dressed in the costume of their parts, attended by the guards who had appeared in the play, and by a crowd of spectators, who had contrived to gain admittance to the stage; and, what was remarkable enough, the very actor who approached to crown the bust of this undaunted foe to superstition was dressed in the monkish habit, that of Léonce, a character of the piece.'

Count Segur says Voltaire terminated his life with apparent indifference; and he adds—

'Those who had not been able to oppose his triumph refused him a resting-place amidst the tombs of the Parisians. One of his relatives, a counsellor of the Parliament, carried off his corpse, and had it speedily interred in the Abbey de Scellières, before the curate of the place had received notice of the order to refuse him burial, an order which arrived just three hours too late. Had it not been for the zeal of this friend, the remains of one of our most distinguished men, of one whose reputation had spread throughout the world, would have been left without a few feet of earth to cover them.'

Count Segur's work is, though very incorrectly printed, worthy of a second notice, and that it shall have in our next.

The Three Brothers; or, the Travels and Adventures of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Sir Thomas Sherley, in Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c.; with Portraits. Post 8vo. pp. 204. London, 1825. Hurst and Co.

THE present age is distinguished, among other things, for an attention to neglected literature. Mr. Ellis, in his excellent collection of Historical Letters, has led the way in giving to the public treasures which remained in manuscript at the British Museum; and we trust he will not rest with the three volumes he has given us, but continue his labours. To the Retrospective Review the public is also indebted, for a first or renewed acquaintance with several curious and interesting works in early English literature; to say nothing of the Restituta of Sir Egerton Brydges, and the collections of old poetry that have been published.

Teonge's Journal is another recent instance, and the work now before us is a laudable attempt to make us acquainted with the lives and writings of three individuals, who were distinguished in their day and generation. The three Shirleys, or Sherleys, were all travellers, at a time when Englishmen remained more at home than in the present day, and when the sovereigns exercised an arbitrary or summary power of calling their subjects home, or prohibiting their going abroad, at their will and pleasure. The travels of the Sherleys are but little known, some of them being only to be found in manuscript, and others scattered over the collections of Hak-

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luyt and Purchas, or published separately in tracts, are now very scarce.

The editor of the volume before us has been at great pains in collecting these scattered memoirs and narratives, and forming them into a connected and entertaining volume: indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise, for perhaps no three persons of one family ever experienced adventures at once so uncommon and so interesting as the Sherleys'.

Anthony Sherley, the second son, was born about the year 1565, and was educated at the University of Oxford. He served in the wars in Flanders, and was at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586. He afterwards accompanied the Earl of Essex, with 4,000 men, to assist the King of France, against the confederates of the League. As a reward for his services, Henry IV. of France bestowed the order of St. Michael upon him, to the great displeasure of Queen Elizabeth, who declared that she would not have 'her sheep marked with a strange brand, nor suffer them to follow the pipe of a strange shepherd.' Sir John Puckering and Lord Buckhurst were ordered to investigate the business, and, although Sir Anthony showed how the honour had been thrust upon him, yet they committed him close prisoner to the Fleet, until her majesty should otherwise command. How long he remained in prison is unknown, but he was deprived of the honours Henry IV. had bestowed on him.

In 1596, Sir Anthony Sherley went on a voyage to St. Jago, Dominica, Marguerita, and along the coast of Terra Firma. In 1599, we find him sent on a mission to Persia, in order to endeavour to prevail on the King of Persia to unite with the Christian princes against the Turks; and, secondly, to establish a commercial intercourse between this country and the East. In the course of the voyage a passenger in the ship, using some disgraceful words against the late Queen Mary, Sir Anthony 'caused one of his meanest sort of men to give him the bastinado, which he did very soundly.' On the arrival at Candia, Sir Anthony says:—

'There we were royally used, but especially by one of the governors, which was a Greek; for there are two governors, the one a Greek, the other an Italian. The city of Candia is a town of garrison, which hath to the number of one thousand five hundred soldiers continually there; this governor, being a Greek, caused four proclamations to be made, which was, that we should have free liberty, both day and night, to pass quietly by their court of guard and sentinels, without any let, which was a very great favour: we were kindly used amongst the citizens, but especially by the gentlewomen, who oftentimes did make us banquets in their gardens, with music and dancing. They may well be called merry Greeks, for in the evenings, commonly after they leave work, they will dance up and down the streets, both men and women. There doth stand to this hour, about half a mile from the city, the chapel which St. Paul did preach in, and it is called to this hour St. Paul's Chapel, being held in great reverence among the Greeks.'

At Tripoli, the governor was advised to

hang Sir Anthony and his party, 'which he consented to do; but a ransom saved them. In Turkey, they endured 'many stripes with patience,' because there was a law in Turkey, that 'if a Christian do strike a Turk, he must either turn Turk or lose his right arm.' In journeying from Antioch to Aleppo,—

'After we had passed two days' journey, the captain of our convoy told Sir Anthony, that we must hire sixteen men more forth of a village where we passed, because he did fear the next day we should meet with those banditti. Sir Anthony demanded what he must have to give them; he said, no less than six crowns; when he had received the money he went into the town, and returned again in half an hour, bringing with him only one man. Sir Anthony asking him where those men were, "Why," quoth the Turk, "here they be all in this one; for this man hath fought with sixteen men, all at one time, and hath given them the overthrow; therefore, ever since he hath had sixteen men's payment." Sir Anthony, being a little moved to see their base fashions, answered, that he had of his own company which would make a boy of a far better man than he was: yet, arming himself with patience, was contented to let his man depart from him in that sort, for fear of worse inconvenience. At the sixth day's end, we came safe to Aleppo, where we were kindly received by one Mr Colthurst, then being consul for the English merchants, and also of the merchants themselves, who lodged us in their houses, and furnished us with such things as we did want; but the Turks did use us somewhat ill, for we could not walk in the streets but they would buffet us, and use us very vilely, except we had a Janisary with us; for it is the fashion there, that all strangers have commonly a Janisary in their house with them for their safety. One day it was my hap to walk alone in the streets, where, to my hard fortune, I met with a Turk, a gallant man he seemed to be by his habit, and saluting me in this manner;—took me fast by one of the ears with his hand, and so did lead me up and down the streets; and if I did chance to look sour upon him, he would give me such a ring, that I did think verily he would have pulled off my ear; and this he continued with me for the space of one hour, with much company following me, some throwing stones at me, and some spitting on me; so, at the last, he let me go, and, because I would not laugh at my departure from him, he gave me such a blow with a staff, that did strike me to the ground. So, returning home to the consul's house, the consul's Janisary seeing me all bloody, asked me how I came hurt; I told him the manner of it: he presently, in a rage, did take his staff in his hand, and bade me go with him, and show him the Turk that had used me so. In a small time we found him sitting with his father and other gentlemen; so I did show the Janisary which was he; who ran fiercely to him, and threw him on his back, giving him twenty blows on his legs and his feet, so that he was not able to go or stand: he was clothed in a cloth of gold under coat, and a crimson velvet gown, but his gay clothes could not save him from the fierceness of the

Janisary's fury; and in this way our men were served divers times.'

In the account of the 'fashions of the Turks,' Sir Anthony relates some terrible atrocities:—

'They will,' he says, 'also, in the night time, in their cities, where many Christians do inhabit, if they think them to be rich [do thus]—you shall have two or three Turks take a Jew and kill him, and leave him lying at the door of a Christian's house, and there watch until it be day; then will they call an officer, and show him the spectacle, and swear they saw the Christian kill him; so they will make an avenger on him, as they call it; then must he either turn Turk or be hanged, and lose all his goods and money: and such like tricks do they use to plague the Christians with. As for their churches, they be very fair, and have high steeples, but no bells in them; but four times in the day they have a man that goeth up into the top of the steeple, and singeth out with a loud voice, that you may hear him all the town over, and biddeth them remember Mahomet's laws, which he left them. They have in their church-yards, for the most part, a fountain of water, covered over the head with a little house, which hath a petition, the one half for men, the other for the women; where they use, before they go to church to their prayer, both men and women, to wash the crowns of their heads, and hands and arms up to their elbows, and their feet and their privy members. They have Mahomet's laws writ in great rolls of parchment, which their priests do carry two or three days in the week through the streets, and one carrying a bason before them, where the people will throw money into it; which money, as they say, doth repair their churches, and buy oil for their lamps. Their sabbath is on Friday, which, in times past, they had lost, and, finding it out again, do usually, on the Thursday night, hang lamps round about their steeples, to put people in remembrance of their sabbath, that they might not lose it again. They have a certain kind of drink which they call coffee: it is made of an Italian seed; they drink it extreme hot; it is nothing toothsome, nor hath any good smell, but it is very wholesome. As in England, we use to go to the tavern, to pass away the time in friendly meeting, so they have very fair houses, where this coffee is sold; thither gentlemen and gallants resort daily, where the owners of these houses do keep young boys: in some houses they have a dozen, some more, some less; they keep them very gallant in apparel: these boys are called bardashes; which they do use in their beastly manner, instead of women, for all the summer time they keep their women very close in their houses, and have the use of boys. You shall also see Christians sold in their markets, both men and women and children, like as they were sheep or beasts; which did grieve me very much. There is also, to this hour, of the kindred of Mahomet, and these hold in great reverence among them; for one of their words goes as far as seven other mens' words will go; you may easily know them, for they go always in green turbans.'

'There was also, in Aleppo, at our being there, a Turk, a very fat man, and exceeding short, who did always sit naked in a corner of the street, with a little iron spit in his hand, which they did hold for a great prophet; and great resort of people came to him every day, but especially women; and they did hold such an opinion of him, that whosoever he did kill with that spit, they were sure to be saved; for, in the short time of our being there, he had killed three of them.'

In Persia, Sir Anthony was splendidly entertained by the king. After the lord steward had waited on them to compliment them on their arrival,—

'So soon as he was gone, the governor of the city came with a gallant train of gentlemen very well horsed to attend him, being a man of gallant personages, well spoken, and of good carriage; and gave Sir Anthony and all of us a very kind welcome, offering Sir Anthony all that he was worth to be at his service. He thanked him very kindly, but told him he did hope to have no such occasion to use his offer; so for that time he took his leave of us; and that night the lord steward and governor did send such a variety of presents to Sir Anthony, that it did make us wonder at it, and so they did every day, for they two did strive who should use us best. So, after some five or six days' rest, we were furnished with apparel and horses; and then the lord steward did invite Sir Anthony and all we of his company to a great banquet at the king's palace, which Sir Anthony did not refuse; when the lord steward did royally receive us, meeting us half the way, attended with forty gentlemen very well horsed; so coming to the place we did behold there a sumptuous spectacle, which was the palace gate, being curiously set, wrought and garnished with rich stones very bright, the like I think the world cannot afford. The going up unto the gate was seven steps, about some half dozen yards broad, of a very strong kind of stone; so when we were alighted from our horses, and come near unto the gate, the lord steward told Sir Anthony that it was the fashion that those that did enter into the gate must kiss the first step, and especially strangers, but you shall be privileged to do as it shall please you. Sir Anthony replied, in honour of the Sophy thy king, I will do this; and so he made a low obeisance, and in the like sort did Mr. Robert Sherley, his brother, but all we did kiss the step, which did greatly rejoice the lord steward and his company. So into the house we came, which was richly hanged in every room with gold carpets, and under foot with rich arras; but to tell the several sorts of dishes we had there I cannot express, and every dish trimmed with rice, coloured of all kind of colours. We had also the king's music to attend us, both there and home, or where we would command them. There was also at that feast ten women very gallantly apparelled, and very beautiful, who did dance according to their country manner, and sing all the time we were feasting. There we spent that day, and at our return to our house we were guarded very royally with all the citizens of worth, with the sound both of drum and trumpet. And in the like

sort did the governor feast us, and all men were willing to show us any pleasure we would. In the end there came a post from the king, forth of Tartaria, with a proclamation written with the king's own hand, which proclamation was proclaimed by a nobleman in Casbin, and we were all sent for to hear it; this was the effect of it, that we should command horse and man to be at our service, upon pain of death to those that should not obey; moreover, if any man did hold up his hand to offer the worst in our company wrong, he should lose his head; which proclamation the citizens did all embrace very willingly, and thus I leave awhile to treat of our entertainment.'

From Persia, Sir Anthony proceeded to Muscovy, and, in the capital, Moscow, saw the king and queen, 'in ceremonious and triumphant manner, passing out of the city, with a great image and a huge bell, to offer to a certain friary, some thirty miles off.' The following is the account of this ceremony:—

'First, all the morning, divers troops of horse passed out of the city, to stand ready to receive him at his coming out of the gate. About mid-day, the king setting his guard foremost, all on horseback, to the number of five hundred, all clad in stammell coats, riding in rank, three and three, with bows and arrows, and swords girt to them, as also hatchets under the one thigh. After the guard were led, by twenty men, twenty goodly horses, with twenty very rich and curious saddles, and ten more for his son and heir apparent, being a child of twelve years of age. After which was led, in like sort, twenty beautiful white horses for the queen's chariots, having only upon them a fine sheet, and on their heads a crimson velvet bridle. After them came a great number of friars, in their rich caps, singing, carrying many pictures and lights. After them followed the greatest part of the merchants of the city. Next them was led the king's horse for that day, together with his son's; the king's saddle and furniture most richly beset with stones of great price and beauty. Then followed the patriarch, with all the archbishops, bishops, and great prelates, singing in their copes, very rich and glorious, having huge images borne before them, being very richly inlaid with precious gems of divers colours, and lights about them. Then followed the king himself, who, in his left hand, had his son above-mentioned, and in his right hand his cap. Next him came the queen, supported on either side by two old ladies; her face was thickly plastered with painting, as were the other ladies, according to the custom of the country; her body very gross, her eyes hollow, and far into her head, attended with some threescore very fair women, if painting, which they hold a matter religious, deceived not the judgment of mine eye. All whose apparel was very rich beset with pearl, curiously wrought; having white hats on their heads, with great round bands laden with pearl. We never saw hats worn by any women in the country, but by them only. Next unto them were drawn three huge chariots, the first with ten fair white horses, two and two; the second with eight, and the third

with six, in like order; which chariots were all very rich and gorgeous within and without: after which all the noblemen passed in coaches. Then was carried, in a great chest, the fore-named image, guarded by a great man and of state in the country, with some five hundred under his command, for the guard and convoy of that image. And last of all came that huge bell, being of twenty tons' weight, drawn by three thousand and five hundred men,—not being possible to be drawn by oxen or horses,—in manner following:—they fastened six exceedingly long hawsers, or mighty great cable-ropes, in six lengths, to the frame whereon the bell was placed; in this rank of ropes were placed those three thousand five hundred men, with little cords over their shoulders fastened to the great hawsers, drawing after the manner of our western barge-men here in England.

'The poise of the bell was so great, that, passing along the streets of Moscow, being paved with great square pieces of timber, set close one by another, the wood of this frame or carriage, whereon the bell was drawn, set the timber of the streets on fire, through both the woods chafing together; so that some were fain to follow hard after, to throw on water as the timber began to smoke: and thus was this bell and the image conveyed to the friary, as hath before been said.'

The whole of this narrative, as well as that of the other brother's, is quaint and curious, and we recommend the work to the public.

The History of Paris, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.

(Concluded from p. 228.)

THE third volume of the *History of Paris* contains an account of the royal manufactories, markets, squares, quays, streets, rivers, fountains, bridges, catacombs, cemeteries, &c. of the French metropolis; together with an appendix of statistical details, a detailed account of the abbey church of St. Denis, a list of celebrated persons born in Paris, &c. &c.: but we have already so fully described this work, that we need only illustrate our remarks by a few more extracts. In an account of the markets of Paris, we are told that—

'Near the markets there was formerly a lofty octagonal tower, called *Le Pclori*, in which convicts sentenced to public exposure were exhibited to the gaze of the populace. It was built of stone, and was surmounted by a lantern of wood, in which the prisoners were placed; this lantern turned upon a pivot, so that those undergoing punishment could be exposed to the public on all sides.'

'In the accounts of the city of Paris for the year 1515, we find that Laurent Bazard, *exécuteur de la haute justice*, having ascended the pillory to inspect some repairs, the populace set fire to it, and the executioner was burned to death. A baker, named Lostière, one of the incendiaries, was apprehended and hung.'

In Paris there are five *abattoirs*, or slaughtering-houses at the extremity of the city, where all cattle are killed and dressed, a plan which we see is proposed to be adopted in London. In the *Place Louis XV.* there was an equestrian statue of that monarch, mounted on a

pedestal, virtues, fair justice:—

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pedestal, which represented the cardinal virtues, faith, temperance, prudence, and justice:—

'The situation of the cardinal virtues, groaning beneath the burden of an equestrian statue, was always regarded as the worst part of the design; and, when Louis XV. became less popular, it gave rise to satires, of which the following is a specimen:—

"O la belle statue! O le beau piédestal!
Les vertus sont à pied, le vice est à cheval."

'In the last year of the reign of Louis XV., when the finances of the state were in a ruinous condition, an individual had the temerity to mount upon the statue, and, after binding the king's eyes, to attach a cord to his shoulder, from the extremity of which was suspended a tin-box, and upon his breast the inscription—"N'oubliez pas ce pauvre aveugle!"

'On the 10th of August, 1792, the Legislative Assembly passed a decree for the destruction of this monument, which was carried into execution two days after. Considerable difficulty was found in forcing it from the pedestal: a foot of the horse still remained in its socket, upon which a wit observed, "*Royalty has yet one foot in the stirrup!*" The pedestal was left standing."

In the Place de Grève, a singular ceremony was, in former times, performed on the eve of the feast of Saint John the Baptist:—

'The magistrates of the city having ordered a large heap of faggots to be piled up in the centre of the Place, the king, attended by his court, came in procession, and set fire to it. The earliest notice we have of this ceremony is of the year 1471, when Louis XI. performed it, probably in imitation of his royal predecessors. His example was followed by nearly all his successors. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. seldom failed to observe it, but Louis XIV. only performed it in 1648. This ceremony, called *le feu de la Saint Jean*, was celebrated with much pomp and expense. In 1573, it was performed in the following manner by Henry III. In the centre of the Place de Grève was erected a pole sixty feet high, having numerous cross pieces of wood, to which were attached five hundred *bourrées* (bundles of brush-wood), two hundred *cotterets* (faggots), and at the bottom ten loads of *gras bois*, with a great deal of straw. There was a barrel and a wheel, probably containing combustible matter. The sum of forty-four livres was expended for *bouquets*, crowns, and garlands of roses. A great quantity of fireworks of all kinds were discharged; and to keep the populace in order, there were present one hundred and twenty *archers*, one hundred *arbalétriers*, and one hundred *arquebusiers*. To the pole was fixed a basket, containing two dozen cats and a fox, who were destined to be burnt alive, *pour faire à sa majesté*. To the cries of the cats was added the noise of various instruments. The magistrates of the city, bearing yellow wax tapers, advanced in procession towards the pile, and presented to the king a taper of white wax, ornamented with red velvet, with which his majesty gravely set it on fire. When the wood and the cats were consumed,

the king entered the Hôtel de Ville, where a collation, consisting of tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, was prepared. The Parisians carried off the ashes and burnt wood, in the belief that they would bring good luck.

'Louis XIV. having appeared only once, the attendance of the king was discontinued, and the ceremony lost its splendour. Latterly the *prévôt des marchands*, the *échevins*, and their suite, merely came, set fire to the heap of faggots, and then retired; but the custom has long fallen into desuetude.'

The extensive introduction of contraband goods into Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. induced the farmers general of the revenue to solicit permission to construct walls round the city, considerably beyond the extent of any preceding inclosure, which was granted:—

'The Parisians, who for the most part disapproved of the plan, not only on account of the immense expense, but because they would be thereby subjected to an entrance-duty upon goods brought to the capital, expressed their dissatisfaction, according to their custom, in verses and *bon-mots*, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris marmurant."

'The following epigram also appeared.

"Pour augmenter son numéraire,
Et raccourcir notre horizon,
La ferme à jugé nécessaire
De mettre Paris en prison."

'In the night of July 12, 1789, fifteen men, with torches and bludgeons, proceeded to the barrier des Gobelins, and, after beating the officers and pillaging the office, set fire to the building. The populace immediately formed parties, and set fire to all the barriers.'

In the account of the streets, which is enlivened with much anecdote, our author says,—

'The system of numbering the houses in Paris is far superior to that in the British capital. Previous to 1806 it was very defective, but in that year a new plan was suggested, the adoption of which in large towns would be found of incalculable advantage. Every street, quay, and boulevard presents on one side a series of even numbers; whilst, on the other, the series of numbers are uneven. The streets parallel with the course of the Seine are distinguished by red inscriptions and numbers; and the series of numbers begins at the most elevated point of the rivers. In the streets perpendicular to the Seine, the numbers are black, and the series begin at the point nearest to the river. The system is expressed with admirable precision in the following lines, composed in 1807, by M. Binet, head-master of the college now called Collège Bourbon:—

"Dividit hanc urbem duplici nota picta colore;
Nigra fagit flumen, sequitur rubra fluminis
undam

Partitis numeris. par dextra imparque sinistra
Limina designat; numerus dum crescit eundo
Idem decrescens reditum indicat ordine verso."

In the Rue d'Antin—

'The Duke of Beaufort and the Duke de Nemours, each accompanied by four seconds, fought a duel on the 30th July, 1652. When they met, the Duke of Beaufort exclaimed,

Eh, beau-frère, quelle honte! Oublions le passé, et soyons bons amis; to which the Duke de Nemours replied, *Ah coquin, il faut que je te tue, ou que tu me tues.* The latter fired; but, missing, he rushed upon the Duke of Beaufort, sword in hand, and was killed by a ball which entered his breast. The seconds then fought, upon which two of those of the duke of Beaufort were killed, and the others seriously wounded. At first, the archbishop of Paris forbade the funeral service to be performed over the body of the Duke de Nemours; but a fortnight after he consented, at the intercession of the Prince de Condé. The prohibition is the more remarkable, as the Archbishop was the celebrated cardinal de Retz, who generally carried a dagger in his pocket.'

A singular robbery was committed in the Rue St. Dominique, in which also an extraordinary impostor resided:—

'In the year 1768 there lived in this street a miser, whose only pleasure was to count over a sum of 18,000 livres in gold, which he kept in an iron chest. Leaving home for several days, an old woman, his only servant, was left in charge of the house. During his absence some thieves entered, one of whom wore the costume of a commissary of police, and the others that of his officers. After having announced to the domestic the death of her master, they put seals on every room, and left her in trust of the effects, except the gold, which they took away, giving her a certificate of its removal. A few days after the miser returned, and the old woman, mistaking him for a spectre, fell into a fit. The efforts made to recover the property were unavailing, and the thieves escaped with impunity.'

'The Hôtel Monaco, in which Marshal Davoust, Prince d'Eckmühl, recently died, was formerly devoted to the reception of Oriental ambassadors. Towards the end of the year 1714, a certain Mehemet Rizabecq, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles. He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron de Breteuil, usher of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital with extraordinary pomp: he declined the royal carriages generally used on such occasions, and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables superbly caparisoned, and accompanied by trumpets and bands of music. The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was attended by a numerous train of domestics, and preceded by a herald bearing the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very inconsiderable. After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV., he sailed from Sweden and Denmark, and was never heard of after. Rizabecq, according to the Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV., was a Portuguese Jesuit, who had never seen the prince he represented, nor even visited a single province of Persia. The government paid the expenses

of his excellency, which amounted to 1,000 livres a day!

The French revolution gave rise to strange vagaries, social as well as political. Of the Rue de la Lanterne, we are told, that—

'In the beginning of the summer of the year 1794 a man, residing in this street, formed a project for passing his life in a perpetual *gala*. He proposed to his neighbours to form a fraternity, and take their meals together in the open air, each family bringing their share of provisions. The project was generally approved, and on the same day tables were spread, and a banquet served up in the Rue de la Lanterne. Wine was not spared, for it was indispensable to drink to the republic and its defenders, and the number of the latter at that period was not small.

'The other sections of Paris, upon learning the *gala* established in the *cité*, agreed to follow the example, each fixing different days, in order to be able to invite the inhabitants of the other divisions. For several days tables were spread in the streets; and, says Saint Foix, "there was no danger of being run over by carriages, for there were scarcely three hundred hackney coaches in Paris, and, besides, the coachmen were at table."

'The civic banquet of the Palais Royal was upon a large scale, and presented various scenes. It was a real Bacchanalian festival, in which all sense of propriety was laid aside. It, however, was the last, for on the same day the Committee of Public Safety issued a decree prohibiting these *fêtes*, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of the Rue de Richelieu, then *Rue de la Loi*, who had made preparations for the following day.'

Our author gives a very interesting account of the catacombs, with copies of the inscriptions, so characteristic of the French. In the Cimetière de Vaugirard,—

'A grave, marked by a plain stone, contains the ashes of a son of Madame de Lavalette, who was born on the 17th of September, 1815, and died on the 13th of November following. Those who recollect that this courageous woman was visited with the bereavement at the moment when she meditated the project of exposing her own life to save her husband's, will not read the following inscription without interest:—

'Il a été

Frappé par le malheur,

Dans le sein de sa tendre mère.'

From the Appendix we shall only make a single extract:—

'Paris contains 560 bakers' shops, 355 butchers' shops or stalls, 265 porkshops, 927 *restaurateurs*, *traiteurs*, and innkeepers, 325 pastry-cooks and *rôtisseurs*, 2,333 retail dealers in wine, 1,466 retail grocers, 1,767 fruiterers, 281 corn-chandlers, 737 *limonadiers*, 416 retail dealers in brandy, 87 distillers, 74 confectioners, 51 chocolate-makers, 10 *vermicelliers*, 5 Italian warehouse men, and 52 milkmen.

'There are 3,000 dealers who have covered places in the markets, 1,749 milkwomen who have places in the public streets, and 326 graziers who supply milk to a part of the inhabitants.'

These miscellaneous gleanings from the History of Paris will show that it is a work of great interest, on which much labour has been bestowed; and we advise the author to publish, by way of supplement, an illustrative volume, containing views, &c. of the most interesting objects in the French capital, which he has so well described.

ORIGINAL.

THE BROKEN HEART: A FRAGMENT.

'O love, what is it in this world of our's
That makes it fatal to be loved; ah, why
With cypress branches hast thou wreath'd the
bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh.
As those who dote in odours pluck the flowers
And place them on their breast—but placed
to die,

Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.'

DON JUAN.

MR. FERGUSON (for that was the clergyman's man) having accommodated me with an evening glass, I drew his chair towards the window, through which the sickly moon threw a faint and livid ray, prepared to continue the thread of his Amy's history. —'My child's unhappiness, sir,' said he, 'was occasioned by an affliction which the world generally considers as trifling—a disappointment in her first affections; but to me it is very surprising that there should be anything like ridicule attached to an affliction to which all are liable, and by which two-thirds of the community suffer. The loss of an aged parent is considered as the most painful of deprivations, but, after all, it is but a consummation of anticipated evil; the other is the blight of hope, the utter extinction of anticipated enjoyment. I think it should be our endeavour to ameliorate, to the utmost of our power, a calamity which is by many felt so severely. I think myself, that ridicule makes more misanthropists than anything I know; for who likes to be let down in the eyes of others, or who can remain callous when his weakness is exposed as the mark for contempt; but this, my young friend, is verging from my story.—About two years ago, a young officer in the seventy-first regiment was introduced into our little domestic circle by an old friend and schoolmate of mine. His visits were frequent; he was very prepossessing, and I perceived in him those traits of a character which I could not but admire. He would sit down of an evening and entertain us with the campaigns abroad, expatiate upon character, and diversify it with interesting anecdote. He was brave, but his bravery was mellowed by a mildness which we seldom look for in the soldier; he was young, and his youth added a liveliness to his descriptions; he was rather romantic, and the warmth that glowed in his details would, I could perceive, even increase the lustre of my Amy's eye, as I have seen her gaze upon him with passive adoration. We had always lived secluded since my wife's death; my child had seen nothing of the world; she had never had her delicate ear tainted by the impurities of premeditated flattery; she had

not been exposed to the admiration of mankind, and her heart had not been disturbed by repeated overtures of fondness; she had never been rendered callous by disappointment, or suspicious through deception; but was young, fervent, and sincere. Mertram found it no difficult matter to gain her affections; she soon looked up to him as the star that was to guide her through life; his eloquence and education, his fascinating manner and gentlemanly behaviour, his rank in life, the station he held with so much honour, were things that were irresistible, and it was easy to perceive that she regarded him with that silent admiration and passionate affection which are known only to the female heart. Well, for three months he was continually with us. It was a happy period in my existence, which I shall never forget; our pleasures were innocent and our affections great. With what pleasure have I gazed on my Amy leaning on her admired, instructing or pointing out to him the beauties of the flower-garden; with what soul-felt satisfaction have I seen her bend her lovely figure, look up into the soldier's face with the expression that asked acceptance, pluck and present the flower to his bosom. Mertram knew how to accept these little attentions and how to value them: he remembered that they were the only means a woman dared use of showing her affection; he knew that she is properly, though cruelly, debarred from any other medium through which to convey her love; and, let me tell you, the man of delicacy will ask for no other. He prized them not for their intrinsic worth, but for the cause which they represented. Well, time passed away most pleasantly; he was like a brother to my Amy, till our circle was broken in upon by an order from his commanding officer, to prepare for embarkation for Ireland. This we had not anticipated; it came upon my Amy like a thunder-shock; she had never dreamt of separation, nor ever supposed that her happiness was to be alloyed by so severe a deprivation. When he communicated the tidings to her, her delicate nature could scarcely support it. To part with him was like tearing soul from body, but it was not to be prevented. The morn arrived for his departure; 'twas bright and beautiful.—Oh, that sickening sound—farewell! how is it to be estimated?—He took her hand, and with the other, dashed from his eyelid the solitary tear. 'Tis seldom seen upon a soldier's face. Amy could not, dared not, look at him. She drooped upon his bosom, like the willow over the water, and was so absorbed in an intensity of feeling, that she heeded not the parting speech, which fell in broken accents from his lips.—"Farewell, Amy, farewell!" he cries; "and let us live in the hope, that a shorter period than we at present anticipate will bring us together, to part no more." He seized my hand and grasped it with a warrior's grasp, but uttered not a word. A few moments, and we saw him no more. His horse dashed the pebbles from beneath his feet, as if anxious to convey his master from a scene so touching. It is needless to dwell upon our state of separation. On his arrival at Liverpool, Amy re-

ceived a letter from him. 'Twas the first that she had not that the company were the agony the perishes poor child marble. scarce stirred gazed upon beauty, before the bl ye must know over the ye must know ings, when age, with the turity. Y quainted softer tone so.' He great for smiled—long with lifted up ejaculating not from my affliction

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ceived a letter, which mentioned his embarkation. 'Twas the first he had ever written—'twas the last she received. Five days had not passed, before intelligence arrived, that the vessel and greater part of the company were *lost*. Conceive, if it is possible, the agony which my Amy felt, when, amongst the perished, Charles was included. Oh, my poor child! Days lay she as insensible as marble. Food she touched not; breath scarce stirred in her, and I, like a madman, gazed upon my child, so lately blossoming in beauty, cut down, like the blighted lily, before the blast of heaven. Parents, pity me! ye must know the suffering of a doating father over the faded prospects of an only child; ye must know the agony of a parent's feelings, when gazing on the flowret of his old age, withering before it scarcely attained maturity. Young man, thou art as yet unacquainted with such feelings.' Then, in a softer tone, 'I pray God ye may ever remain so.' He continued—'The shock was too great for my Amy. She has never since smiled—I fear.—ah! I fear she will not be long with me.' The venerable father here lifted up his eyes to heaven, as if mentally ejaculating—'Father, preserve her, take her not from me before I am better reconciled to my affliction.'

HINTS ON THEATRICAL COSTUME.

THE admirable manner in which Mathews gives the character of old Mr. Methusalem, without any other change of dress than a scratch wig, must convince every one who has beheld him, that it is very possible to represent old men on the stage without adopting the preposterous costume almost universally employed on such occasions, which is so very extravagant as absolutely to destroy the illusion it is intended to assist. Thus, instead of being natural, the actor becomes grotesquely ridiculous, and caricatures merely because he cannot imitate. Instead of giving the impress of severity to gesture, voice, countenance,—in short, to his whole person,—he satisfies himself with putting on a full wig well powdered, square-toed shoes and buckles, a cocked hat, laced coat with huge sleeves, and flapped waistcoat, and with perpetually tottering and hobbling about; in short, he produces a mere chimera—a character of convention, in which it is impossible to recognise one single trait of real life. If, in the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*, modern costume is adopted for the other characters, it is grossly absurd to see Lord Ogleby dressed in the fashion of at least half a century ago, thus affecting age rather than juvenility of appearance. If there must be somewhat *outré* in his dress, let it be on the contrary side, and let him be distinguished by the extreme *recherché* of modern elegance; let there be the utmost solicitude to conceal all appearance of age. But then it will be asked, if so dressed, how will it be possible for the actor to convey the idea of age. For the genuine actor it will not only be very possible, but it will exhibit his consummate art to much greater advantage than can be done according to the present wretched and bungling method, which reminds us of

the dauber who was forced to write, 'this is a lion.' If, indeed, the performer can do nothing better, even let him adopt the practice of the artist just mentioned, and appear with a label on his neck, inscribed, *this is an old man*. It would be quite as humorous, and not at all more extravagant than the shift now resorted to. In real life we behold the very reverse of this: there we frequently see a most sedulous affectation of superior elegance in dress, and of a fashionable exterior, in those who are no longer young; and, although this to a certain extent subdues, it certainly does not destroy, the character of age. The general air of the person, which betrays itself through all the disguise, is so widely different from that of youth, that it cannot for a single moment be mistaken. It is these marks that the actor ought to endeavour to assume, that he should study and imitate, and not trust to an antiquated wardrobe, which looks like the refuse of some Jew-broker's shop. Such spectre-looking dresses, which seem as if they came from the shades, to haunt the descendants of their former wearers, are to us anything but comic—they tell a tale of times gone by. Could we imagine that so grave a body as the Society of Antiquaries were ever to be found within the walls of a theatre, we should suppose that these curious relics were intended as a compliment to their taste for the venerable and obsolete, and introduced for the purpose of delighting their learned eyes. But we much doubt whether this be really the case, and can, therefore, only attribute it to a disregard of propriety and common sense, and to the exceedingly vulgar error of supposing that absurdity and extravagance constitute comic humour.

Liston's Lord Duberly, played in an old-fashioned laced coat, loses half the richness of humour and effect that it would otherwise possess. The very first appearance of the actor in such a dress announces to us that he aims at *outré* absurdity rather than truth. No one can recognise in such a burlesque figure one trait of the genuine absurd of real life; whereas, were that admirable performer to dress the character consistently, the contrast between the coarse and awkward manners of the quondam tradesman and his assumed gentility of appearance would be infinitely more ludicrous than at present. Liston, too, is almost the last who should condescend to resort to such bungling artifices, which ought to be spurned as the paltry substitute for real comic talent.

All that we have been saying applies with equal force to the costume of female characters. We wish that we could prevail upon the ancient dowagers and old maids of the stage, to discard their powdered *têtes*, high-crowned caps, long waists, stomachers, high-heeled shoes, flowered silk gowns, and other antique habiliments, for something more resembling the exterior of the antiquated belles and portly matrons that we meet with in the actual world. Pray, ladies, exhibit to us for once a wrinkled cadaverous countenance, set off by glossy jet-black ringlets, just fresh from the perruquier's, or the more than graceful embonpoint of fifty rendered absurd merely by the affectation of display. But we suppose

that not one of you imagines she can ever look old, except it be by assuming a most fantastic disguise. Yet surely there would be no extraordinary danger in making the experiment; we would, therefore, advise you, instead of ransacking your old lumber-boxes, or consulting the plates of Bell's British Theatre, to take the advice of some fashionable milliner, or even, with all respect be it spoken, to take a glance and a lesson at the boxes before you. Look for a moment at that poor, pale, sickly-looking lady, who seems to think that her withered person has a certain sylph-like air, that she is determined to display to the best advantage. Further on sits a goodly matron of some sixty summers, whose cheek has yet a sunny hue, and whose extreme *recherché* of dress indicates very plainly that she does not desire to pass for a fright; but think you that an eye of the least experience would mistake her for forty or even fifty. And would to heaven, mesdames, that your theory, or at least what we infer to be such, was founded in truth, viz.—that a woman can never help looking young unless she consents to dress like her great great grandmother. Paint wrinkles, affect corpulence, or assume the wasted look, the toothless mumble, the voice, the shuffle of age,—but, in the name of good taste and probability, dismiss your obsolete frippery either to Rag Fair or to the tomb of all the Capulets.

LONGUEMANNE'S CUNNYNGE ADVERTYZER;
OR, IRISH ANTICIPATION.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—You have exposed the unblushing effrontery with which the works published by the proprietors of The Literary Gazette are puffed off in that journal before they appear. Do not, my good fellow, be after bothering yourself about such things, for everybody knows the motive of these puffs prelusive; the editor, however, to make up for his anticipatory inspections of some works, delays long enough his notice of others. I say nothing of the volume of poems I wrote, for, by J—s, the devil a one of you critics has noticed the book at all at all, although I sent to ivery mother's son of you clane large paper copies, and wrote a beautiful autograph letter with each, that you might preserve it among your other curiosities; but I mane a little book, written by a gentleman who would have been a countryman of mine, had he not by accident been born in France instead of ould Ireland: it is called *Dictionnaire des Gens du Monde*, and a translation of it was reviewed in your Chronicle some two years ago*. Now, Mr. Editor, judge my surprise, when I find this same dealer in what you call 'anticipatory inspections,' giving a review of this very work in the Cunynge Advertyzer of last Saturday, and that, too, as if it had never been translated into English! But the crame of the joke is to come: would you believe it, that the same editor actually reviewed the English translation in The Literary Gazette (for I cannot in this instance properly call it a

* In The Literary Chronicle of August 3, 1822.—ED.

Cunning Advertiser) of July 22, 1822, and gave a few of the identical passages which appear in the same journal of last Saturday!! What think you of that, Mr. Editor; but, faith, I cannot stop for your reply, and leave you to think yourself, resting your's truly,

THADY MULROONEY.

THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS,

NO. XXVI.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, did you ever so far relax from the austerities of your vocation as to go and roll down the hill in Greenwich Park, or play at kiss in the ring, on an Easter Monday, or indulge in the glories of the Epping Hunt, when the London citizens, as Tom D'Urfey said, a century and a half ago—

'Once a year into Essex go:

To see them pass along, O! 'tis a pretty show?

I say, Mr. Editor, if you have not done this, you have 'left undone those things which you ought to have done;' but here I stop, lest I be rebuked with the trite remark, that the devil can quote Scripture when it answers his purpose. Well, all this I have done; I always feel delighted with the happy faces at a fair, and, were I grand sultan, would bastinado or send to the tread-mill all persons who attempted to crush those innocent rural amusements.

The lovely weather on Easter Monday and Tuesday drew crowds to Greenwich, and many a fair and slender ankle tripped it gaily in the park, as well as down the hill; while others, whose *understandings* proved they did not stand upon trifles, were less venturesome. A few old sinners of the male sex, far down in the hill of life as well as that at Greenwich, were waiting for those little accidents which, though sport to them, are no joke to the parties, if injured by the fall. Greenwich and its sports are, however, all eclipsed by the equestro-pedestrian spectacle of the Epping Hunt. There is the proud array of the chivalry of Wapping and Whitechapel; and every quadruped in London, save the elephant and a few others in Exeter 'Change, is put in requisition.

For weeks before Easter in every year, all the riding-schools are filled with cockney Nimrods; every nag is employed on the Sundays; the visits to Hyde Park, in order to see the deer, and thus be able to identify the Epping stag, when they catch a glimpse of him, become frequent; and nothing is read at the London Institution but Daniel's Rural Sports, or Beckford on Hunting. The precaution of ascertaining whether a stag is a bird or a beast has become necessary ever since a Lord Mayor of London, who, in the good old times, headed the Epping hunt, made a mistake, which a poet has thus recorded:—

'My lord, he takes a staff in hand, to beat the bushes o'er;

I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before;

A creature bouncing from a bush, which made them all to laugh;

My lord, he cried, "a hare! a hare!" but it proved an Essex calf!"

Well, the great, the important day, big with the fate of the Epping stag, many a pair of breeks, and the fundamental features of sundry liegemen of London, arrives. I

pass over the preparations of the morning, and leave to Mr Hume to calculate the quantity of beef and ham that was cut into sandwiches, and the gallons of genuine or smuggled spirits (the latter of which he acknowledges he drinks) consumed, by way of a whet, to keep the cobwebs from the stomach, or deposited in pocket-pistols, to be discharged when required. Oh, no! 'The chase I sing,' or rather would sing, had I the muse of a Somerville, for never since—

'Nimrod bold,

That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stained the woodland green with purple dye,'

did hunting promise a better day's sport than Easter Monday at Epping. Early in the morning, all the livery-stables were so cleared, that a punning friend of mine said they were *delivery* stables, he thought, to the horses, donkeys, and mules; and every kind of vehicle was also in requisition, from the gaudy barouche to the safety spring-waggon, which bore on its side a pledge that 'goods were safely removed' in it, and by its owner. There were horses of all colours and sizes, mares with long tails, short tails, bob tails, and some 'without ever a tail;' nor were their riders less various; they included all orders and degrees of men; some went to share in the diversion of hunting, others to laugh at the hunters.

A friend of mine near Epping (I always like to make friends in a sporting neighbourhood) invited me down. 'May my mare slip her shoulder if I don't,' I exclaimed with Macheath, when I was reminded that my only Rosinante had been stolen, and that I was consequently mareless. 'Pooh!' said my friend, come down in the coach, go to the field, see the hounds throw off, and in five minutes you will have the choice of fifty horses that have just thrown their riders. The fear of Chelmsford assizes, and their appliances, to boot, however, prevented my adopting this plan, and I called on a friend, a member of the Melton Hunt, who—

'Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kissed his horse.'

He agreed to accompany me to Epping Hunt. Arrived at the scene of action, we were both astonished at the motley group that presented itself. Two o'clock arrived, and the chase was not commenced, while nearly all the portable provisions were consumed. At length, a loud huzza announced the arrival of Mr. Rounding, of Woodford Wells, with a fine stag in a cart. My ears rung with the loud cries of 'Tally oh!' as the sportsmen, in the true cockney pronunciation, bawled out; and the mild air was actually fanned into a breeze by the waving of pocket-handkerchiefs by the ladies. Every moment increased in interest. Every eye was directed to the cart where the stag was confined, and the unbolting the drop at the Old Bailey did not excite a more awful pause than the unlocking the door of the cart; which done, out bounced the stag, and after him hounds and huntsmen. Then began that—

'Contusion-hazarding of neck or spine,
'Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.'

The dogs, though few in number, and not very well trained, set up a tolerable war-cry, which animated my friend, so that he involuntarily exclaimed—'There's music, there's music, my boy.' 'It is very fine!' said I. 'Where,' exclaimed a cockney sportsman, who had lost one stirrup, 'for, d—n the dogs, they make such a noise that I can't hear it.' Five minutes had not elapsed ere the field was in as much disorder as a routed army after a battle; horses without riders galloping about, and riders without horses lying very tranquil, were to be seen in every direction; while the forest was strewn with hats, and the varied contents which had been dislodged from the pockets of the hunters. I observed no less than three of the Monmouth Street pluckers-in of the tribe of Naphthali, eagerly engaged in buying up the stray beavers. No great coats appeared to have been lost, so that the tribe of Benjamin were unengaged in traffic.

Although I could not help laughing at the scene before me, yet humanity bade me succour the discomfited. These were conveyed to the nearest inn, where of course every attention was paid them; none were killed, and I have no correct list of the wounded; two of the latter, however, attracted my notice. One of them had but two jokes in all his life, which, of course, were often employed, and he had lost one since he left Little Britain, where he had resided upwards of thirty years. His name was Joseph King; and, while living in the place I have just mentioned, he used to say, 'I am the King of Britain.' This joke, as I have stated, he lost by a fatal change of residence. One good thing yet remains to him, and he can insult any person with impunity, and prevent his nose being twinged, by merely saying, 'Oh! Sir, don't you know that I am Jo[e] King.' Mr. Joseph King's occupation I know not, and it was with some difficulty I learnt that of the other Nimrod. His name, he said, was Eusebius Jacob, and his profession was what he called tantamount to his name. 'And what's your profession?' said I. 'An illuminator,' quoth the man. On further inquiry, I found that he was a lamplighter, and that his two sons assisted him in *illuminating*, as he called it, one of the few parishes in London where gas-lights have not been yet introduced. I was eager to know what connection there was between his trade and the name of the Bishop of Caesarea and author of the *Preparatio et Demonstratio Evangelica*. 'Why,' said the fellow, who was not without humour, 'my name's Eusebius; my son's name is Eusebius; we are lamplighters, and, therefore, *you see by us*, don't you?' 'That's a demonstratio, and a preparatio too I suspect,' exclaimed a friend of mine, while I ordered Eusebius Jacob a jug of mulled wine for his humour.

On the road home I observed many instances of ludicrous horsemanship. One decent-looking fellow asked me to hold his foot in the stirrup, while he threw the remaining leg and foot over the horse; and another, lest he should not hold 'his balance true,' had run his horse alongside a wall. Some

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Grasped the manes with both their hands,
And eke with all their might,
like honest John Gilpin; but I will not
detain you with an account of casualties:
it was, indeed, as Tom D'Urfey described
it of the city hunters of old—
'And when they'd done their sport, they came
to London, where they dwell,
Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives
scarce knew them well;
For 'twas a very great meroy so many 'scap'd
alive,
For, of twenty saddles carried out, they brought
again but five.'

In short, surgeons and saddlers were
equally busy next day, while the livery-stable-
keepers were fully employed in proving the
soundness, wind and limb, of the horses they
had entrusted to the heroes of Epping Forest.

I had intended to devote this paper entire-
ly to one subject; but I cannot omit noticing
a little incident at Edinburgh. It appears
that the announced appearance of Mr. Kean,
at the theatre of that city, has given offence,
and that some 'righteous over-much' gentle-
man spoke against it from the boxes. Is this
possible; if so, it is unjust. Kean has not
offended the Scotch public; he did not ap-
pear before them within a few days after his
being convicted of adultery; it is, therefore,
nothing but mere cant in the Edinburgh peo-
ple rising on the stilts of morality to oppose
Kean. Are the Edinburgh people all saints?
or do they think the English never heard of—

'Mother Japps,

At whose house there were some mishaps,
To men who had wives of their ain.'

This Mrs. Japps was an accommodating
lady—a sort of Mrs. Dudfield, in Edinburgh;
and so highly did she appreciate the morality,
even of the Scotch clergy, that she used to
say she would not give 'one general assem-
bly for two winter sessions,' although the
former lasts but a fortnight, and the latter for
months; then, fie on such hypocrisy, says

ASMODEUS.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

NATURAL ATTRACTIONS.

If birds are singing in the bowers,
If insects loiter with the flowers,
If blossoms sweeten air and heat,
I wish thee here to lead my feet:
For what are all these charms to me,
Unless I catch a glimpse of thee?

The moon is ever toward the sun,
Stars by attraction shine and run,
The sunflower casts its circling eye
To feel the kindness of the sky:
Can I be less than orbs and flowers,
Nor wish thee here to feed my hours?

A woman's bosom without love
Is like an ark without a dove;
A woman's heart without desire
Is like a kiln without a fire:
My love and my desire unite,
That thou wilt come and make me light.

ELLEN MARIA.

GOOD SHOOTING, OR THE PIGEONS AND BARN.

Two cockney gunners once, 'tis said,—
But who to milder arts were bred
Than hunting, or e'en shooting,—
Went with their guns, one wintry day,
And took, as cockneys do, their way
Along the road to Tooting;

When, as they walk'd, dispute arose,
That almost made these friends turn foes,
Which took an aim the truest;
They then agreed to try their skill,
And with one gun, 'because,' said Will,
'That one you know is newest.'

A flight of pigeons first appear'd,
And, as these sportsmen dire they near'd,
Sam cock'd his piece quite ready,
Took six yards' aim, and, from the lot,
A single pigeon, lo! he shot,—
He fired so true and steady.

Now Will prepar'd his skill to try,
And at a barn, that stood quite nigh,
He took an aim most killing;
Then clos'd both eyes; but, lo! our spark,
In firing, wholly miss'd the mark,
So bad had been his drilling!

Sam laugh'd at this, but Will cried out,
'Sammy, you need not make this rout,

Because you chanc'd to get one;
For had as many barns been there,
As you saw pigeons in the air,
I'm sure I should have hit one !!!' J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE now resume our remarks on this exhi-
bition, premising, however, that we do not
bind ourselves to be very methodical in the
order in which we pass from one subject to
another, or particularly attentive to what may
seem precedence in point of importance or
merit. We will, therefore, just look at one
or two things in the anti-room, before we
proceed farther. Miss Sharples' Country
Fair, although it does not satisfy the eye, as
a picture, is yet a performance of much
cleverness, and possesses several good parts.
Several of the groups are highly amusing,
and there is a *matter-of-fact* air about the
performance that is not uninteresting; and yet
we could wish that it possessed somewhat
more of artist-like feeling. No. 302, The
Finishing Touch, by Morton, is a subject of
some humour, and, with a certain piquant
originality in the idea that pleases us: it
exhibits the interior of a painter's study,
where the imprudent artist has left a land-
scape on his easel, which a monkey, who has
seized this opportunity of trying his dexterity
in the management of the brush, is touching
up in the sky with vermilion. There seems to
us something waggish in the conceit of making
Pug attempt to improve upon the sober
bues of nature, by his 'splendid colouring,'—
not that we will accuse the artist of intending
any personal reflections; we, however, give
him full credit for the joke. The composi-
tion is good, and the effect picturesque.
No. 284, London, from Waterloo Bridge,
by Ward, is a well-painted picture. The
tone of the colouring is rich, and the masses
of light and shade well balanced to each other.
St. Paul's, with its majestic dome, is seen
very advantageously from the point of view
selected by the artist, and the scene altogether
conveys a favourable impression of the gran-
deur of the metropolis, as viewed from the
river. Let us be permitted to remark here,
that very few of our painters in oil-colours
select any subjects of street scenery, probably
deterred by the monotonous and insipid

forms of the greater part of our town archi-
tecture; and yet there are many spots within
London that an able artist might transfer to
the canvas with considerable effect. No. 288,
A Study from Nature, by Wilson, is a delight-
ful little bit, and what may almost be desig-
nated as a specimen of the 'still life' of
landscape. It consists of merely some dock-
leaves, the stump of a tree, and some paling;
but these are painted with a taste and feeling
that leave nothing to be wished for; and,
apparently uninteresting as such objects may
be, yet, when thus executed, they are capable
of awakening pleasing associations, and per-
haps captivate the more because they affect
to promise so little. No. 332, Chalk Cliff
near Folkstone, with Shakspeare's Cliff in
the distance, by Linton, is a piece of great
merit, in which the artist has very happily
avoided that rawness of tone into which
such a subject was apt to lead; yet without
anything affected or unnatural in the colouring.

(To be continued.)

ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

THERE were never, perhaps, so many public
structures and so many plans for the im-
provement and embellishment of the metro-
polis, in actual progress, or on the eve of ex-
ecution, as at the present moment. The
west wing of the Bank is now completed,
and the workmen have begun their operations
upon the centre, for the purpose of taking it
down, preparatory to its being rebuilt in a
style corresponding with the rest of the edi-
fice. The Board of Trade at Whitehall
is considerably advanced, and Downing
Street, hitherto a mass of some of the
most paltry and shabby hovels in town, will
assume a splendid appearance. Mr. Smirke
has been charged with the building of the
east wing of the terrace front at Somerset
House; and the new residence for the Duke
of York; besides which, the new buildings
at the British Museum, and the Post Office,
are now executing under his direction. Mr.
Papworth is, we understand, employed in
preparing designs for the New Street, to be
carried from the present site of Fleet Mar-
ket and Holborn Bridge to Clerkenwell
Green; a communication is about to be open-
ed between Bishopsgate Street and the Cir-
cus in Moorfields; and, in the Regent's
Park, the noble edifice constructing, after
Mr. Burton's designs, for Mr. Horner's Pa-
norama, now rapidly advancing towards
completion, will certainly not be the least in-
teresting or important of our architectural
acquisitions. Then there are, too, the College
of Physicians, which, by the bye, proceeds
very slowly; the handsome Ionic church in
Regent Square, Sidmouth Street; and Rich-
mond Terrace, Whitehall,—all of which will
contribute much to the embellishment of
their respective sites.

THE DRAMA.

A NEW piece has been produced at Covent-
Garden Theatre, entitled *The Hebrew Family*,
or *a Traveller's Adventure*. The music was
pretty, but the play insufferably dull. After
having been performed two or three nights,
it was withdrawn. There is no novelty at
Drury-Lane Theatre.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

A very fine copy of the rare Mentz, or Mayence, Bible, in two volumes folio, 1462, has recently been discovered by Mr. Duppa, in the public library at Tours, where there are, likewise, other Bibles of extreme scarcity. These treasures are not highly estimated at their present depot. They would, however, amply compensate an adventurous bibliopolist, could they be transferred to the mart of London.

Monsignore Angelo Mayo, already celebrated for his discoveries in the 'Palimpsestes,' has just discovered more important treasures than all those already found by him. Very voluminous fragments of the lost books of Polybius and Diodorus have been found among more recent manuscripts of ecclesiastical works. They mention an entire book of Diodorus, containing precious details of the Phœnicians. M. Mayo has also discovered numerous fragments of Menander.

Traveller in Africa.—A letter from Tripoli, Barbary, of 7th January, says:—'The French Traveller, M. J. R. Pachó, after traversing Egypt, has just arrived at Derna, provided with a recommendation from Mehemet Ali Pacha for the chief of this regency, and with a letter from M. Drovetti for the French consul-general, who has procured all the necessary means to examine in detail and in safety the ancient Pyrenaica, the coasts of the Syrtes, and the interior of the kingdom of Tripoli. This traveller is known in the most advantageous manner, and is besides under the auspices of our Royal Institute.'

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather
April 8	44	56	42	30 4	Fair.
.... 9	39	59	48	.. 24	Do.
.... 10	48	60	53	.. 31	Hazy.
.... 11	50	66	51	.. 12	Fair.
.... 12	50	56	50	.. 10	Do.
.... 13	50	50	45	.. 12	Cloudy.
.... 14	46	64	50	.. 12	Fair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. LEATHWICK'S communication shall have early insertion.

The letter on the Necessity of Amending the Apothecary's Bill reached us too late for insertion this week, but it shall appear in our next, when several reviews, which stand over, shall have a place.

J. R. P. in an early number.

We are sorry we cannot accept the offer of Tyto.

The work alluded to by H. M., of Glasgow, has already been reviewed in *The Literary Chronicle*. When the second edition appears, the editor will avail himself of the information given by H. M., for which, in the meantime, he returns his best thanks.

Works published since our last notice.—Babington, a tragedy, 4s. 6d.—Recollections of the Peninsula, 10s. 6d.—The Three Brothers, or Adventures of the Sherleys, post 8vo. 9s.—Ballantyne's Novels, complete, 10 vols. royal 8vo. 14l.—Harding's Short-Hand, 3s.—Stennett's Works, 3 vols. 8vo. with life, by Jones, 27s.—Lambeth and the Vatican, 3 vols. 21s.—Haugh's Practice of Courts Martial, 8vo. 26s.—Thomas Fitzgerald, the Lord of Offaley, 3 vols. 8vo. 27s.—Fairy Favours, foolscap 8vo. 15s.

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